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SEPTEMBER 14, 1979

DEATH OF IDEOLOGY

page 1146

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A World Without Snail Darters? NEVER!

JAMES L. BUCKLEY

BILLION-DOLLAR BUMPERS

Also in This Issue:

Michael Novak ♦ Thomas Molnar
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Ruth Berenson
John Simon

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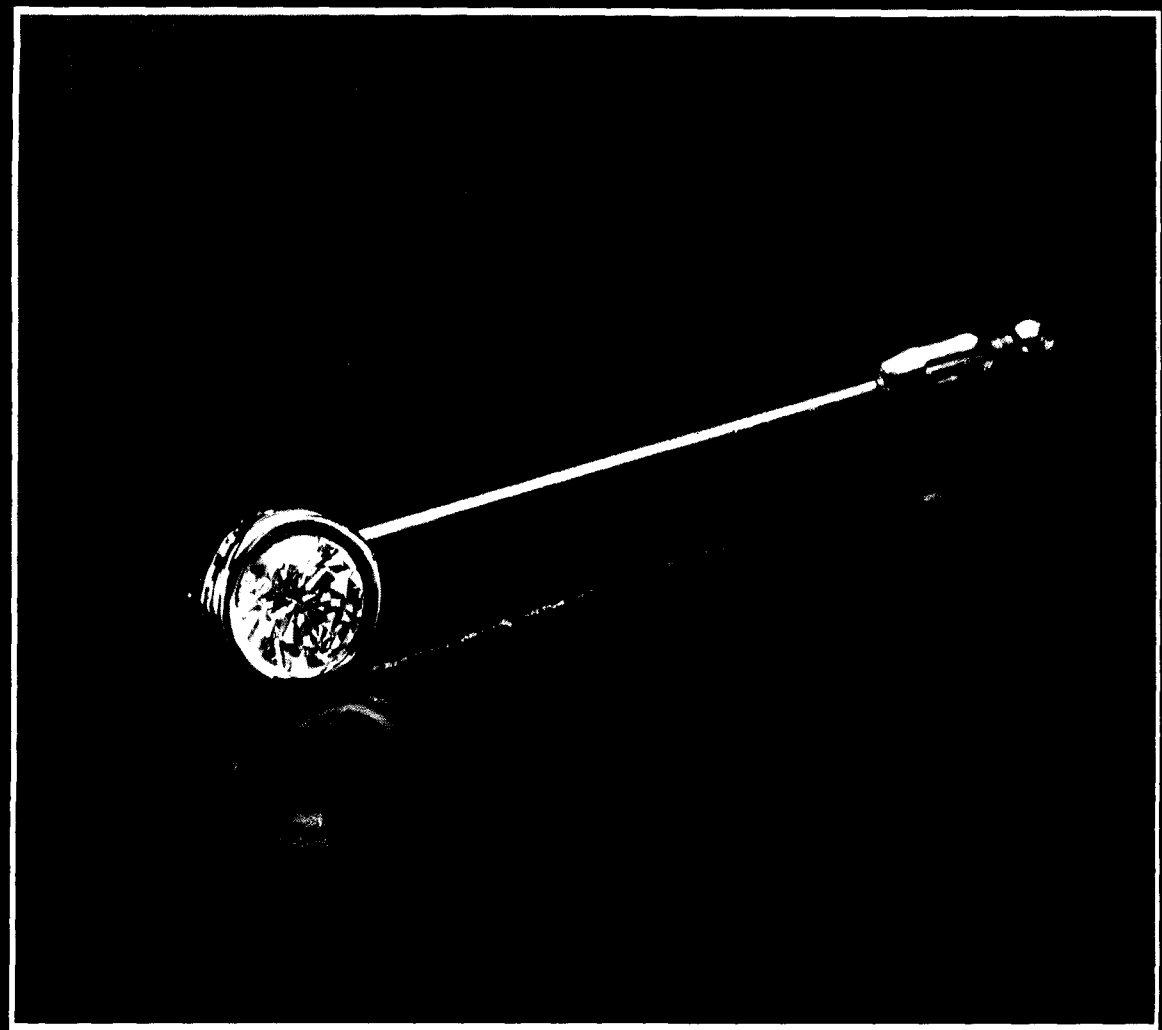

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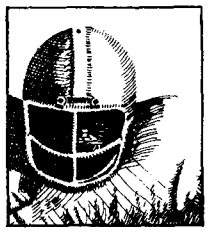

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Letters

Mail Early

Your article on the Russian Christians who are living as it were in exile in the American Embassy in Moscow ["Down and Out in the American Embassy," by Kevin Lynch, Aug. 31] was extremely moving. To the older generation of émigrés—who are nearly all Russian Orthodox or Jewish and who think of Protestantism as a Western phenomenon—it is somewhat puzzling to read of whole communities of Pentecostals in the Soviet Union. But then, as Mr. Lynch says, very little has been written about them in the West.

I do not habitually write letters to public personages, but in this case I would like to do something to help. Could you supply the addresses of those to whom supporters of the Vashchenko and Chmykhalov families should write?

Olga Bolotov
Springfield, Mass.

Here are the most important addresses:

President Jimmy Carter
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20515

(Name)
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

(Name)
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C. 20510

Ambassador Malcolm Toon
Embassy of the U.S.A. in Moscow
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Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin
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Mr. Leonid I. Brezhnev
President of the USSR
Kremlin
Moscow, USSR

The Vashchenko and Chmykhalov Families
Embassy of the U.S.A.
Ulitsa Chaikovskogo 19-21
Moscow, USSR

Copies of letters to the families should be sent to the Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies (Room 448, 475 Riverside Drive, N.Y. 10027). —KL

Church contra State

Senator Moynihan's argument for federal aid for parochial schools ["Private Schools and the First Amendment," Aug. 3] will not stand close scrutiny.

Parochial schools are clearly religious institutions. It should be obvious that government use of the tax machinery to aid such institutions cannot help but violate the wise constitutional ban on laws "respecting" an establishment of religion. The Supreme Court's rulings on this are logical, reasonably consistent, and good constitutional law.

Moynihan invokes the spirit of ecumenism, but what could be less ecumenical than forcing all taxpayers to aid private schools which segregate children by religion and often by race, gender, class, and ability level?

Moynihan is mistaken in wanting to make parochial-school aid an election issue. In the last dozen years voters in 11 statewide referenda in nine states, including Moynihan's New York and Packwood's Oregon, have consistently and strongly defeated every attempt to provide tax aid for parochial schools.

Finally, while Catholic schools have declined, and not for financial reasons, Protestant and Jewish schools have grown, and without tax aid.

Edd Doerr
Atlanta, Ga.

Advocates of government aid for private schools, including Daniel Patrick Moynihan, seem blithely to ignore the basic reason why such aid may be unconstitutional. Catholics for generations have heard parish priests plead for aid for their schools: 1) "A religious education is so important to our children," and 2) "It is so vital to the future of the Church that our youngsters be given a Catholic education."

It is point 2 which makes direct aid from a public treasury unconstitutional. It is not proper that tax money paid by all citizens regardless of their religious preference be used to preserve or possibly expand the fortunes of a church. Over a long period of time, such aid might lead to an Established Church, which is definitely contrary to the Constitution. Anti-abortionists currently protest: "Don't use *my* tax money for something I abhor."

But maybe a compromise is in order. I am fed up with the monopoly ideas of the NEA union, and with the mediocrity of so many public schools. Why not permit people with strong feelings on this subject to permit *part* of their own regular school

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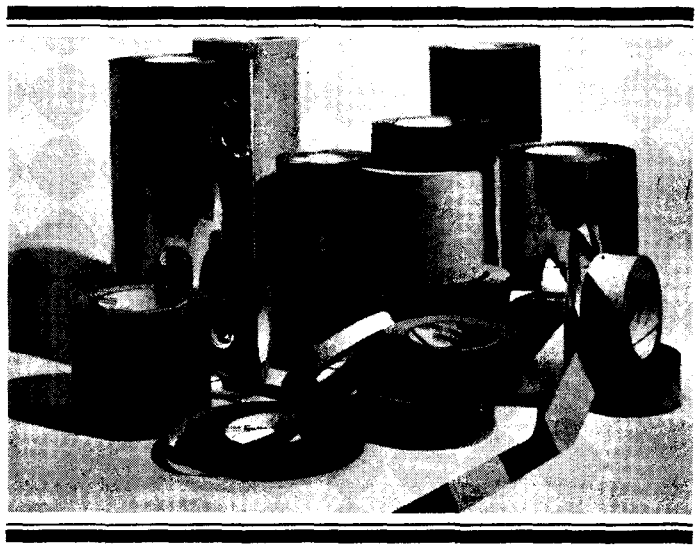

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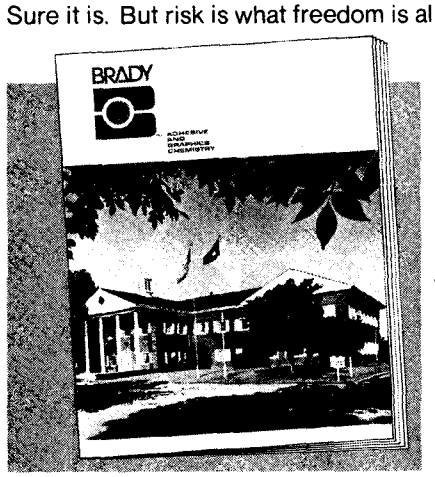

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taxes to be used by whatever private school they designate? I emphasize *part*. Every citizen or business firm or childless taxpayer has some obligation to support a free public school system. Further, with my tax bill growing and my income shrinking, I am in no mood to support a dual school system on a broad scale. My plan would apply only to local property taxes; it would, of course, get the Federal Government out of a controversy where it has no business.

Jay C. Wood
Birmingham, Mich.

Senator Moynihan says that in the matter of tuition tax credits, the constitutionality of aid to private schools is not the most important matter to be considered at this time. Right! A more basic question that we should be asking concerns the constitutionality of tax support for the *public* schools.

After all, there is more to the First Amendment than Freedom of Religion. Freedom of Speech is also guaranteed. And teaching is a form of speech; in fact "teaching" and "speech" are almost synonymous. Teaching—that is, a teacher's "speech"—is intended to communicate ideas and values to the mind of the learner. However, the purpose of the First Amendment is to keep all of man's mind, not just his religious convictions, free from government control. How then can government be in any way concerned with teaching or education?

Philomene Di Giacomo
Staten Island, N.Y.

Whose Alaskan Oil?

Inasmuch as it's in the national interest to restrict the export of Alaskan oil, I was surprised to learn of *NR*'s opposition to that point of view in "The Week" [Aug. 3]. Sadly, and surprisingly, *NR*'s reasoning is as fraught with misconceptions as that of the President and his former energy secretary. You contend that unless the oil is made available for export, North Slope production will remain 800,000 barrels short of its two-million-barrel-per-day capacity, because there's "no place for the oil to go" what with West Coast refineries "full" and an insufficient number of tankers to move the product to the Gulf Coast —a process which you claim adds $2 "to the cost of a barrel anyway."

In fact, by the end of next year, North Slope production will increase to 1.5 million barrels a day without benefit of any export—just 100,000 barrels a day short of what ARCO says is the maximum efficient rate of production. The West Coast "glut" of Alaskan oil has recently disappeared, a miracle of modern technology which happened to coincide with Alaskan oil price increases. As for the $2 figure, that is a yet to be realized saving for the

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major oil companies, a bookkeeping item not to be confused with an added cost to the consumer. The oil companies would save $2 a barrel, a saving they would not (but could) pass on to the consumer, by using foreign-flag supertankers to transport Alaskan oil to Japan.

To rid us of our "excess" Alaskan oil (an excess which does not exist), your commentary proposes a trilateral swap involving the United States, Japan, and Mexico and/or Indonesia that would result in "increased North Slope production incentives for new oil exploration in the West, and diminution of our trade deficit by $4 billion."

But production is already increasing the incentive for new oil exploration. In fact ARCO plans commercial production in the Kuparuk Field next year. Most importantly, an exchange of Alaskan oil with Japan would not diminish our trade deficit but would increase it. Alaskan oil is selling for $18 per barrel, while the Mexican or OPEC oil we would get in return is priced at $23—a net loss of $5 per barrel. Using your mythical 400,000 barrels of "excess," that would add $2 million per day to our deficit.

The effort being made in Congress to restrict the export of Alaskan oil should not be viewed as a part of the "fashionable" anti-big-oil campaign. Although the profit margin is greater with an export policy, the prevailing attitude in Congress is that the present $4.11 after-tax profit per barrel for Alaskan crude is adequate and that the oil companies should maintain the commitment they made to domestic distribution in 1973. In my view, sound business sense will take hold and the U.S. will begin to feel the full benefits of Alaskan oil when the export option is closed.

Stewart B. McKinney
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Goodbye Andy

In the immortal words of the late Dr. King, "Free at last, thank God almighty we're free at last." of Andrew Young.

F. R. Bates
Austin, Tex.

Cheap Shot

In the August 17 issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW, someone turned an obituary for Herbert Marcuse into an opportunity to take cheap shots at German culture. Marcuse was described as "stuffy, Germanic, ultra-academic, a herr-doktor-professor." It is difficult to understand what is meant by "Germanic" in this sentence. It seems broad, ill-defined, and an out-and-out ethnic putdown. The next sentence is worse: "In his limitations as a personality, he in many ways epitomized German intellectual culture, in which most of what

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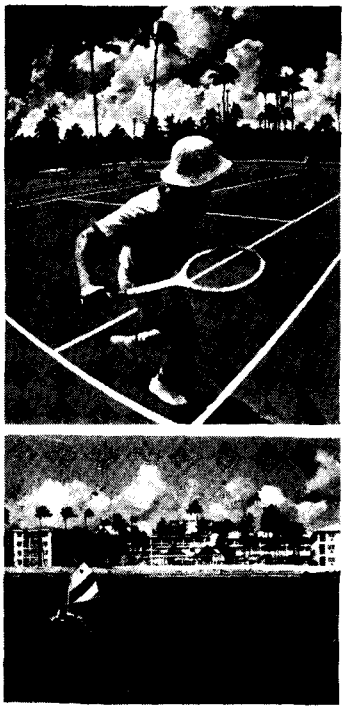

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is thought and done simply *takes too long*." Perhaps the author of this line would like the music of Bach better if it were only speeded up a little, or a novel by Thomas Mann "if only it wasn't so damn long."

David Salisbury
West St. Paul, Minn.

Secret Memo

Sincere gratitude is due R. L. Conder for the most guffawable piece of writing in a long time ["Subversive Nature of Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes," Aug. 31].

God knows there is precious little genuine humor being written in this age which cries out for satirization. It had been a long time since I laughed aloud while reading anything, but I brought concerned relatives on the run late at night with my wahooing and near-rolling-on-the-floor over the "Peter Piper" passage.

Rita Boscia
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Muddled Meanings

I have read with interest Charles Kesler's tribute to Harry Jaffa [July 6]. I do not find Mr. Kesler's discussion very enlightening on the meanings of the words "equality" and "liberty" in the Declaration of Independence. The author of the Declaration wrote a letter to Henry Lee on May 8, 1825 in which he suggested as sources "the elementary books of public right, . . . Aristotle, Cicero, Locke," that Lee should read if he wanted to discover Jefferson's meaning of the word "equal" in the Declaration.

One will not find in Aristotle or Cicero any explicit support for the famous phrase "all men are created equal." Aristotle clearly regarded slavery as existing by nature. Cicero never denies this. Locke clearly asserts inequality in his second *Treatise on Civil Government*, VI, 54. He also asserts equality in "the state of nature," II, 4. One may argue indefinitely over whether human beings now live in a state of nature, or ever lived in such a state. According to Leo Strauss, "In Rousseau's doctrine of the state of nature, the modern natural-right teaching reaches its critical stage. By thinking through that teaching, Rousseau was brought face to face with the necessity of abandoning it completely. If the state of nature is subhuman, it is absurd to go back to the state of nature in order to find in it the norm for man." Kesler obviously admires Strauss and accepts his authority, or thinks that he does. But if one follows Strauss, one cannot also follow Locke.

Kesler also sees in Jaffa the need to cultivate "a kind of conservatism that lies between, and above, the extremes of libertarianism and traditionalism." The vagueness of the word "traditionalism" leaves this kind of conservatism utterly meaningless. "Tradition" is one of the most ambiguous words in the language. It refers to all types of thinking and living in which any kind of continuities can be found from the earliest times to the present. The word itself does not establish any continuity or particular collection of continuities. Can it truly be said that any continuity is as good as any other? This is the great question of our time, and Kesler and Jaffa both seem to have been unaware of it.

William T. Couch
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Backstage at the Courthouse

Mr. J. P. McFadden's review of *A Private Choice: Abortion in America in the Seventies* [June 22] by John T. Noonan Jr. does touch a raw nerve, at least for this reader.

As matters now stand, a federal judge can be removed only through the awkward process of impeachment, a process which is applied on an individual basis and which, even if successful, does not touch on the merits of intolerable decisions. It is far too late in the day to expect judges who face the remote threat of impeachment to relinquish the powers they have acquired.

A symbiotic relationship between the federal judiciary and federal bureaucracy has developed which permits the power-grab of each to remain unassailable. This unholy alliance of the unelected permits them to make egregious decisions, unanswerable threats (through powers of contempt for one, administrative penalties for the other), and exactions upon the public purse. A few polite "tut-tuts" will not entice our federal judiciary back to their constitutional function—they've seen Paree!

What is necessary is a constitutional amendment subjecting all judges to the requirement of running as candidates for

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election—and no grand-daddy clauses here! If they wish to keep their de facto governmental authority, then periodically they must absent themselves from the fornicatory delights of Madame La Politique's house of ill-fame and obtain the consent of the governed.

The thought that the reversal of a bum decision is only an election away should go far toward concentrating the mind of the most arrogant of judges wonderfully.

Anton S. Fabian
Beaverton, Oregon

Taxing Righteousness

"Deep in the heart of taxes" there are many disincentives to saving, investment, and profitable enterprise—to say nothing of the godly, righteous, and sober life.

The tax code and IRS regulations penalize income from investment (dividends and interest) and encourage "living it up" and borrowing to cover deficits (interest paid is tax-deductible). IRS forces understatement of depreciation, which, combined with inventory appreciation due to inflation, creates false profits, and also false prophets who condemn them as "obscene." Couples "shacking up" do better each April 15 than do those couples who eschew "living in sin." (See Philip Valentini's letter Aug. 17 and "The Week," July 20.)

Before our born-again President again laments the decay of our moral fiber, why doesn't he have a good look at government policies and programs that have produced the very laxities he so earnestly decries?

J. Harold DeNike
Bethesda, Md.

It's Greek to Me

In his article "The Jog-Alongs" [August 17], Nicholas King mentions Pheidippides as the Greek who lost his life in bringing the news of the victory of Marathon to Athens.

This is not correct. It is the soldier Eucles (or perhaps Thersippus) who brought the swift news to the rejoicing city, followed soon by the Athenian army.

This incident, not given by Herodotus, is mentioned in Plutarch (*De Gloria Athenensium*, 3) who says that most authorities call the runner Eucles but Heracleides Ponticus calls him Thersippus.

As to Pheidippides, he was the courier sent by Athens to Sparta just before the battle of Marathon to ask for reinforcements from Sparta. Pheidippides never made it to Sparta. He was stopped by the god Pan who reproached the Greeks "why they made no account of him, although he had been useful to them many times already and would be again."

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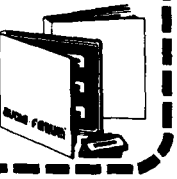

AUDIO-FORUM®

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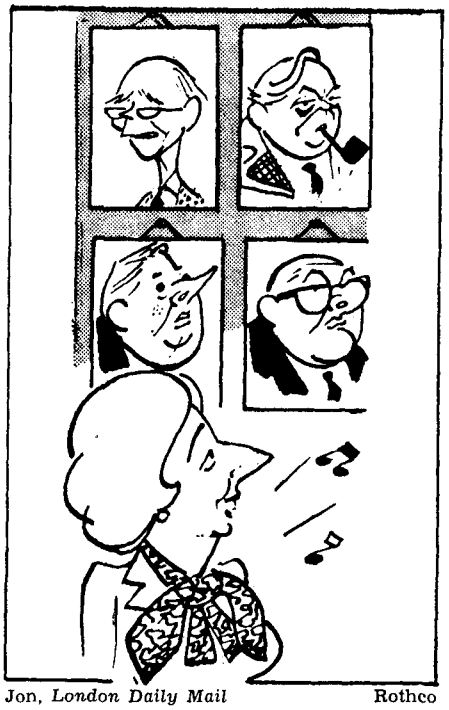
FOR THE RECORD

■ The abrupt departure of **Lyn Nofziger** from the **Reagan** campaign staff tends to confirm reports that campaign manager **John Sears** wants to repackage Reagan into a middle-of-the-roader. Nofziger has been with Reagan since his first gubernatorial campaign in 1966. He says he's leaving because "I don't see eye to eye with the people in charge." . . . In an earlier dustup, Reagan lost the services of a key 1976 aide, **David Keene**, who has joined the **George Bush** staff. Nofziger says he won't work for any other Republican. . . . Also splitting the Right (New Right Div.) is **Richard Viguerie**'s move into the **John Connally** camp. **Terry Dolan**, head of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, says he disagrees with Viguerie, that he doesn't think Connally is the candidate conservatives should support. But Connally is the man many Democrats think will head the Republican ticket next year. A *Christian Science Monitor* poll of Democratic state chairmen and national committeemen finds that 36 of them think Connally will be the Republican nominee in 1980, 35 think it will be Reagan, 21 **Baker**, seven Bush, five **Ford**, two **Haig**, and one **Dole**. . . . There's a boomlet in anti-abortion circles to run Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) for the Vice Presidency as a way to focus the right-to-life vote in '80. . . . And in Connecticut, **Lowell Weicker** has been less than receptive to reports that his former Senate colleague **James Buckley** may run for **Abraham Ribicoff**'s seat. Says Weicker, huffily: "I don't consider Buckley a native of Connecticut."

■ That same *Monitor* poll of Democratic Party leaders shows that 111 of them continue to think that **Kennedy** will not enter the presidential race; only 18 think he will. . . . California



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rotheo

"Anything you can do I can do better . . ."

pollster **Mervin Field** tends to disagree, and adds: "Kennedy right now can decide on his own volition whether he wants to be President. **Ulysses Grant** and **George Washington** are the only others I can think of who found themselves in that position." . . . The **Carter** campaign fund-raisers reportedly are having a hard time filling their coffers. Some traditional Democratic moneymen (wealthy Jews, big business, oil) have turned off the spigots. . . . But south of the border, they love him. A poll of Mexico City residents, taken by the *Los Angeles Times*, shows 64 per cent of Mexicans have a favorable opinion of Carter, to 57 per cent favorable for **Castro**, 42 for **Brezhnev**.

■ In Moscow, Sen. **Joseph Biden** (D., Del.)—a SALT backer—has told Soviet officials that he believes SALT II will be ratified, but with important reservations and understandings attached, having to do with the Backfire bomber and verification. . . . Biden did not meet Brezhnev, who made his first public appearance in two months last week and then seemed so feeble that he was unable to pin a decoration on Foreign Minister **Gromyko**. . . . Gerald Ford has not (as yet) given his approval of SALT II. "I'd feel a lot better about supporting it if we had four B-1 bombers a month coming off the production line," he says. . . . Jesse Helms, back home over the Labor Day recess, says he has trouble debating the merits of SALT II. "You go out on the street and ask the average fellow about MIRVs, and he says, 'Oh yeah, the TV show host.' "

■ Coming up Sept. 21/22, **Discussion Club**'s Annual Seminar in St. Louis, featuring **John A. Howard**, **James Hitchcock**, **Christopher Manion**, and **Leopold Tyrmand** of the Rockford College Institute. (For info write H. F. Langenberg, The Discussion Club, Newhard Cook & Co., 300 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. 63102.) . . . A shift: **Brien Benson**, editor of the *Conservative Digest* (a Viguerie publication), will take over as editor of *The Right Report* as well, replacing **Morton Blackwell**, who has joined Sen. **Gordon Humphrey**'s staff.

■ And some radio tidbits: In **Denmark** police cars are roaming the streets Gestapo-style, with radio detector scanners, trying to track down the estimated 160,000 Danes who have not paid their annual radio-TV license fees. . . . And in **Ireland**, radio listeners were fascinated the other day at "a news flash.' "The Donegal Power station has just announced a shutdown due to the shortage of turf."

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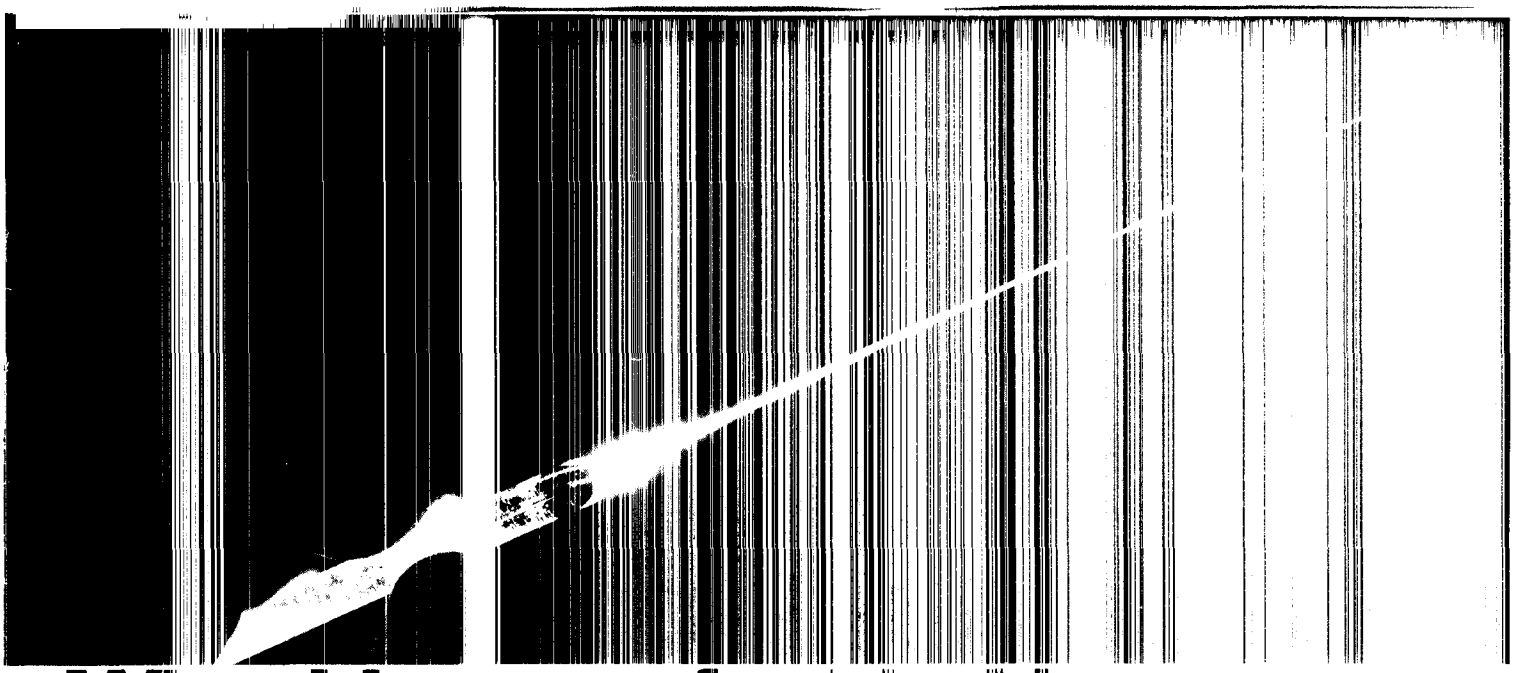

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THE WEEK

■ The bad news is that the rate of inflation has tripled under the Carter Administration, from 4.8 per cent under Ford to over 13 per cent today. The good news is Americans are showing renewed faith in the dollar, as witness the three hundred or so bank robberies in New York City in the last two months.

■ Suppose, just suppose, that a prominent black leader achieves a reputation for moderation. That he urges American blacks to improve their lot not by revolutionary activity but by hard work. Suppose that leader then travels abroad—to South Africa, specifically—and engages in rhetoric indistinguishable from the kind of thing you hear in neighboring Mozambique and Angola, Communist dictatorships. He roars about the need for bloodshed and revolution, about human rights and dignity—but never adverts to the condition of his brothers in Mozambique and Angola. Suppose he goes so far as to alienate the most conspicuous opponent of South Africa's apartheid, Chief Buthelezi. This for urging Western capital to pull out of South Africa, a move that would result—Buthelezi points out—in precisely the kind of joblessness our prominent black leader points to as the principal enemy of progress at home. Suppose—one last time—that in search of an explanation for this apparent reorientation of our leader's political style we scrutinize his companions, and discover that the man who is traveling about South Africa as his key aide is someone who during the Fifties took the Fifth when asked if he was a member of the Communist Party; in the Sixties was gently asked by Martin Luther King please to remove himself from King's outfit on the grounds that his pro-Communist background tended to discredit the movement; and in the Seventies is listed as an associate editor of *Freedomways*, whose editor is a Communist, and whose publishers are the official publishing house of the Communist Party. Okay? Our leader is, of course, the Reverend Jesse Jackson. His aide is Jack O'Dell, also known as Hunter Pitts O'Dell. Is it McCarthyism to ask whether Jesse Jackson's chief assistant during the trip to South Africa is motivated by a desire to help blacks in South Africa—or to help the cause of Communism in South Africa? When President Nixon appointed someone to the Supreme Court who 25 years earlier had made a racist statement, it was thought relevant to bring up the matter. Shouldn't an enterprising editor question Reverend Jackson about the current motives and associations of at least this particular associate? As enterprising editors we herewith ask him exactly that question. RSVP.

■ Black may be beautiful, but not every black is beautiful. The kind of thing black leaders *shouldn't* be doing is giving the keys of the city to black tyrants, as Washington Mayor Marion Barry did to Sékou Touré of Guinea last week. In his 16 years in power Sékou Touré has driven one out of every five Guineans into exile. He has tortured and killed thousands. His regime has been rated by both Freedom House and Amnesty International as one of the 15 most repressive in the world. "As the 3rd U.S. Infantry's Old Guard Fife and Drum corps, in red and white Colonial Army uniform played on," writes Michael Novak, "a key to the city of Washington flashed gold in [Sékou Tourés] bloodstained hand." This was on a par with Morehouse College's honorary degree to Joshua Nkomo a couple of months ago, for his notorious efforts in behalf of world peace. Before the black community can be taken as seriously as it wants and deserves to be, it must start making certain distinctions.

■ Defending his decision to sell kerosene to Iran, Mr. Carter stated that it was a "one-time proposition" that "makes good sense economically." Terms of the sale were not disclosed, but are thought to include the closing of 41 Iranian publications, expulsion of Western newsmen, tank and F-4 Phantom jet attacks on Kurdish population centers, wholesale slaughter of Kurdish prisoners, and human rights guarantees.

■ Because Bishop Abel Muzorewa was denied a forum at the recent Commonwealth Conference in Lusaka, he has been constrained to resort to the letters column in the *New York Times* to make a few simple but powerful points. To critics who claim that Zimbabwe-Rhodesia continues to be dominated by whites, he replies, "We now have a black President, a black Prime Minister, a predominantly black Cabinet, an overwhelmingly black Parliament . . . I have executive control and ultimate authority over all military matters." Yes, he concedes, his generals and commanders are white, but "I wonder how you produce black ones in two months. Some of Mr. Nkomo's generals are just as white as mine, but mine are free men. His are from the USSR." But Muzorewa saved his knock-out punch for last: "I would

Heartbroken

Shelley wept for Adonais;
  Lancelot for Guinevere;
Nixon teared before departing;
  I, when hemorrhoids appear.
Anguish is a grand emotion:
  Shepherds seek the missing lamb.
But what Jimmy feels for Andy,
  Frankly, I don't give a damn.

W. H. VON DREELE

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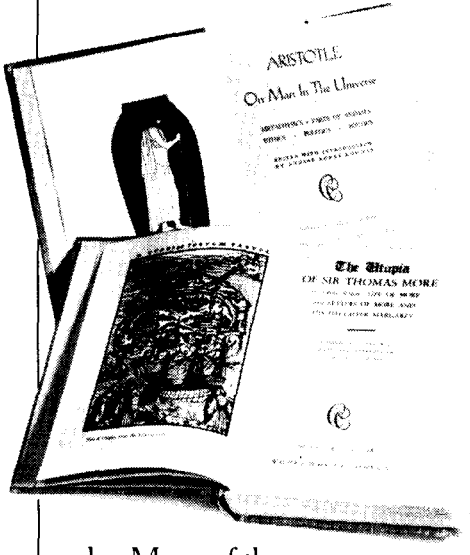

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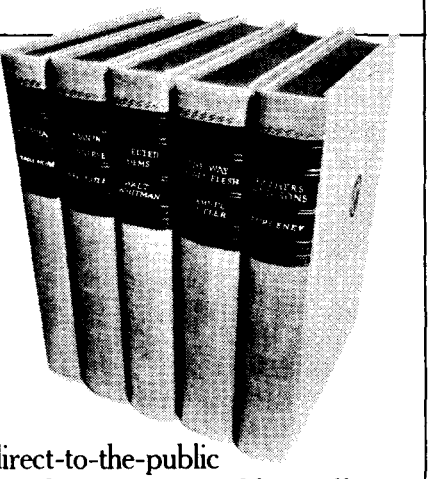

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Regular readers of this column know us to be the very soul of openmindedness. So when it was recently suggested that the logical 1980 choice for conservatives was Howard Baker, we agreed temporarily to suspend our disbelief. Indeed, we invited a Baker man of long political years and high political service to distill the relevant arguments. His attempt to do so, paraphrased faithfully, follows:

"First, Howard *(pronounced hereabouts as 'Hard')* is the most electable. He has the lowest negatives of the entire field, Republican or Democrat." *(Translated from the political jargon, the claim here is that the electorate does not have anything against Baker, even if it is not yet enamored of his virtues. Our own lay reading of the polls tends to confirm this claim, by the way.)*

"Second, Howard is the most qualified. He is the highest-ranking elected official in the Republican Party." *(The implication here is that Reagan and Connally and Bush are former officials slumping under the burden of outdated experience. Anderson and Crane are mere dime-a-dozen congressmen.)*

"Third, Howard is a party man, always has been, always will be." *(A reminder of course that Reagan and Connally came to the GOP campfire only after others had done the trail-breaking and the ground-clearing. And we suppose it must be said that if there is such a thing as a pure Republican, it may be Howard Baker. His father was a Republican congressman, his stepmother was a Republican congresswoman, and his father-in-law was the quintessential Republican senator, Everett Dirksen. His home-town Tennessee district has gone Republican for one hundred years. Bankrolled with these political credits, Baker has the luxury of criticizing Ike, Nixon, and even Jerry Ford for failing to build the party during their respective White House years. Party workers, who are important players at this stage of the nomination game, respond with the GOP equivalent of, "Amen, brother!")*

"And finally, Howard has demonstrated the leadership that everybody else is talking about. You know anybody else who could have kept Jesse Helms and Jack Javits in line?" *(The residual suggestion is that Reagan, Connally, Crane, and Anderson might have trouble uniting their own party.)*

We stress that these arguments have not been approved for general use. They are in test markets only. But the mere fact of their surface credibility dramatizes how far Howard Baker has come since the summer of 1978, when the wisdom was widely accepted that his presidential hopes had died on the floor of the Senate, a victim of his vote for the Panama Canal treaties.

■ We are still contemplating Patrick Caddell. No sooner had we wondered aloud how this bright young man could serve simultaneously as an advisor to the governments of Saudi Arabia and the United States of America than we received fresh information on his wide-ranging business interests. Courtesy of the *Washington Post*, we learned that Caddell was the catalyst of the Camp David Summit, so-called, and thus of the Carter energy policy which issued therefrom; and courtesy of the *New York Times*, we learned that among Caddell's "major" clients was the Exxon Corporation.

Rarely in recent times have we seen such a vivid reminder of the double standard. If Caddell were a Republican, he would be walking around with a bull's-eye painted on his back, and the merry band of Andersons, Hershes, and Woodsteins would be taking target practice.

■ *NR*'s own Jack Kilpatrick got his at a YAF-sponsored "roast" here last week. Emcee M. Stanton Evans, still another fellow-traveler of the international *NR* conspiracy, likened Jack's craft of editorial writing to "wetting your pants in a blue serge suit . . . That is, it doesn't take very long, it makes you feel good, and nobody notices." Congressman Henry Hyde, conservatism's answer to Rodney Dangerfield, asked the knowledgeable crowd, "How many of you know that Jack Kilpatrick writes liberal articles for *Reader's Digest* under the name of Melvin Laird?" Former Senator Eugene McCarthy, a Virginia neighbor and sometime collaborator of Kilpatrick's, delivered a long, touching, and hilarious tribute to his friend—without a single punch-line, alas. Rick Abell, chairman of the Young Republicans (described by the ever-helpful Evans as "mice learning to be rats"), swore that Kilpatrick is the only man he knows who "follows the Miss America contest on radio."

Kilpatrick absorbed the abuse with his usual good nature and responded with a gem of a bread-and-butter talk at evening's end. (Is there *anybody* else who can recite whole paragraphs from John Randolph of Roanoke? And make an audience like it?) A great man, this Kilpatrick. —CATO

---

have asked the custodians of democratic principles to look around Africa and tell me how many heads of internationally recognized governments have as good credentials as I do in popularly expressed support . . . Why should the despots, the managers of the armed coup, the manipulators of the one-party state be permitted to veto the democratic process and frustrate the principle of self-determination in my country?"

■ Thomas Molnar argues elsewhere in this issue that Marxist ideology is dead, that it is intellectually bankrupt. His view was reinforced in Madrid last week when the Spanish Socialist Workers Party agreed that at its upcoming congress it will drop its Marxist designation, just as the West German Socialist Party did some years back. Socialist leader Felipe González, who had quit as general secretary in May rather than go along with the Marxist label, argued at the time that Marxism is outdated and meaningless and that—more important politically—it was costing the party votes. The party ideologues outvoted him then—and were stunned when he quit. After a long summer of backroom maneuvering, González and his moderates have won the day. They are confident that the votes they will lose on the left—most will go to Spain's small and disorganized Communist Party—will be more than offset by gains among

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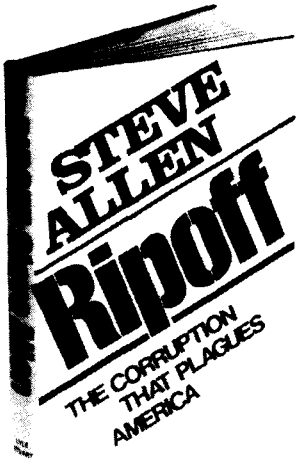

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In a successful motion picture of a couple of years ago, a TV newscaster looked at the evils of the world around him and loudly announced that he was "mad as hell" and was "not going to take it anymore!" But outside of making the announcement, he did nothing—nothing to alleviate the ills, or to help the situation.

When TV humorist, actor, musician, composer and author Steve Allen views the extent to which corruption has penetrated all levels of American society, he too is "mad as hell." But in *Ripoff* he sets out to do something about it. In a scathing denunciation of our greed-gripped society, Allen catalogs its illnesses and offers helpful suggestions for remedial action.

Steve Allen perceives almost no present limits to the tide of crime and corruption that has affected all walks of life in modern-day America. Congressmen, senators, governors, bank presidents, industry leaders—even a Vice President of the United States—have been caught with their hands in the till.

The youngster who accepts cheating on a grade-school test as merely part of his education . . . the politician whose hand is open for a bribe . . . the government investigator into fraud who juggles his own expense account . . . the physician who "adjusts" his bill to cheat the Medicaid system . . . the showbusiness agents and performers who work tax swindles as casually as they ply their trades . . . the businessmen who "buy" their way into successful careers . . . they are all here in *Ripoff*, and they do not make a pretty picture.

In a breezy, informal style, Allen lays out the facts—from the West Point cadet cheats to the complex machinations of the computer-based Equity Funding scandal—with the deft touch that has made him a favorite on TV screens and in personal appearances for three decades. He touches all bases, from employee theft to shoplifting.

With a sensitive social conscience and probing mind, Steve Allen asks how so much wrongdoing came about—and what it bodes for the future. But even when Allen is most despairing, he retains his sense of humor, managing eventually to find hope and to provide answers that could lead to a less troubled tomorrow.

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middle class voters who have until now—*faute de mieux* —voted for Adolfo Suárez' ruling Union of the Democratic Center. Watch out for González.

■ The failure of Nicaragua is not absolutely predictable, *pace* the pessimists and the optimists. The Sandinista regime continues to cultivate a moderate democratic image and has promulgated a provisional bill of rights which covers freedom of expression and movement as well as protection against arbitrary arrest and torture. The leading paper, *La Prensa*, which supported the overthrow of Somoza, is back in business, claiming its role of "constructive criticism." Even at twenty cents a copy, it outsells the Sandinista press organ *Barricada* by two to one. Property rights are recognized—but subject to some dangerously vague qualification about the public interest. And there is tension within the transitional cabinet, which spans the political spectrum. One day there must be a convergence, and the strong pro-Socialist line of *Barricada* reveals powerful sub-surface leftward forces. It is too early to tell what is artful dissembling of the early Castro kind and what is genuine. One thing is clear: the U.S. played a key midwife role in the birth of the new regime, and this therefore will be an acid test of the effectiveness of the Carter Administration's policy of welcoming "the winds of change," as Vice President Mondale described it on Chinese TV.

■ Professor Murray Rothbard, writing (?) in the current issue of *Reason*, applies his cool intelligence to the June 8 issue of *NR* wherein the libertarian *movement* was challenged by a battery of serious writers. "Scurrilous and frenetic," reasons Professor Rothbard. Publication of such "imbecilic hogwash," he calculates, is a measure of *NR*'s "desperation." On further analysis he finds *NR*'s report a piece of "muck . . . stench . . . [a] smear job." He evaluates Ernest van den Haag's article as the work of "a man who, along with the egregious Rabbi Baruch Korff, was the last defender of Richard Nixon." A scholarly man to the last gasp, Professor Rothbard observes that not only *NR* but also *The Nation* and *Commonweal* have recently attacked the libertarian movement, giving evidence of a new conspiracy: "the forces engaged in defending government in the United States . . . have begun to coalesce to form a praetorian guard in defense of the State and to attack libertarianism and the libertarian movement with great bitterness." He must have been in a hurry. He failed to mention that we also like classical music.

■ Hamilton Jördan swings again. Seems he and some good old boys from the Carter White House (Timothy Kraft and Evan Dobelle, former chief of protocol at the State Department, both of them now heading up the Carter-Mondale re-election committee) and a few other pals and some lady friends visited Studio 54, the discotheque on New York's West Side, late one night in June 1978. The owners of the disco are under indictment on tax evasion charges. They have alleged that Jördan asked for, and got, and used cocaine on that occasion and on those premises. The FBI is looking into the matter. Jördan cain't rightly reckymember. His pals say they weren't with him all the time. And anyway his *friends* call it cöcaine.

■ New York State tax sleuths tracked down dangerous tax evader Jody Gerard, 12, of Albany, and made him pay 64 cents in state sales taxes. Jody got the bad news in a certified letter from the state advising him that the worms he was selling for 35 cents a dozen were "tangible personal property" subject to 7 per cent tax, cough up please. "He was sick for a week. Migraine," said his mother. "He thought they were going to come and take away his bicycle and his dinghy for the taxes." "I was scared," says Jody. But "I told them it was taxation without representation." Said tax department spokesjerk Howard Brock, "We're not embarrassed. We're proud."

■ Our Defender-of-Property-Rights Award this week goes to Don Pinkman of Gorham, Maine. Mr. Pinkman was about to sell his property to a radio station, but the neighbors complained that two radio towers would be an eyesore and the town Planning Board wouldn't let him do it. So Pinkman converted his place into the Gorham Piggery and is stocking it with mud and swine.

Young in Perspective

Andrew Young's debacle has a metaphorical quality, and therein lies its importance. At stake are competing visions of the world and of the future. Young gave consistent articulation to one of those visions. The struggle between them will presumably go on into the future and grow more ferocious. The entire Young affair, including its denouement, was one of many skirmishes; as, for that matter, was the Moynihan affair.

Andrew Young's judgment of himself at the time of his resignation was entirely self-congratulatory. He would do again whatever he had done, and he had no apologies. He had attempted to put U.S. policy toward the Third World on a new course, and he had largely succeeded. We would now be "on the right side of the moral issues in this world." Perhaps not since Woodrow Wilson has a major American public figure seemed so morally self-satisfied.

By and large, the media accepted and acclaimed this self-estimate, while, again by and large, condemning his PLO intervention and subsequent lying.

But the condemnation was illogical. Young's dealings

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Gurbutt Rothco

"Do you remember the good old days when the pound was weak?"

with the PLO were consistent with his overall vision, which had been widely defended and acclaimed. And as for lying, well, in all of his notorious public pronouncements he had always been lying.

In the statements surrounding his resignation, Young claimed that he had, in his UN role, identified with the oppressed of the earth, most particularly in the Third World. In fact, he had sided not with the oppressed but with their oppressors, some of the most savage and despicable tyrants on the face of the earth.

For example, Samora Machel. Young has described Machel's tyranny in Mozambique as a "success." He has gone so far as to say that such success "makes East and West alike look to this nation with new hope and new courage." As in the rest of Young's most famous pronouncements, the words here have no commerce with reality. The economic performance of the Machel regime has been disastrous. He has attempted to exterminate opposition groups and their leaders, and he currently has some 100,000 suspected dissidents in concentration camps.

Young's support of leftist dictators has been unwavering. Praising the Neto regime in Angola, installed by Cuban tanks, Young opined: "There's nothing wrong with their deciding to live under a socialist system." The word "deciding" in that sentence is a typical Youngism.

Young stands solidly behind Rhodesia's would-be dictators, Mugabe and Nkomo. He has no criticism of Fidel Castro, either as totalitarian or as imperialist. He backs SWAPO in Namibia, despite those one thousand SWAPO dissidents now in concentration camps for advocating some sort of democratic rule. Young even excused the depredations of Idi Amin. He said the Ayatollah would be viewed as a saint. He pooh-poohed the Gulag by comparing it with the thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of alleged political prisoners in the United States.

The catalogue is endless. In no case does Young show the slightest concern for truth, for the relationship between language and its objective referent.

Some have tried to explain Young's behavior as a reflection of his experience as a civil rights leader, an explanation that explains little of the foregoing. The explanation lies elsewhere.

Clearly Young has taken over and internalized the dominant attitudes at the United Nations. The regnant ideology there might be called Third Worldism. No left-oriented nation is to be criticized. Supreme moral rectitude lies in the Third World. Young gained immense favor at the UN because of his anti-Western pronouncements in general and his anti-U.S. attitudes in particular. The dictators Young likes are all popular at the UN. The Third World majority at the UN has no regard whatsoever for democracy, and neither does Young. Naturally this toadying promulgator of anti-Westernism became a media hero.

It is symbolically apt that Young's last act involved him with the PLO, and that he resigned making statements hostile to Israel. Israel, being, of course, a pariah at the UN.

Of course there is no actual model for the future of civilization in Mozambique or Angola, or Guyana, or Cuba. Third Worldism is a purely negative vision. Based on hatred and envy, all it can possibly envision is the destruction of the West.

At the UN, Young did not stand for democracy, for the oppressed, for freedom, for the West, even for common decency. But, then, of course, neither does the UN.

The Moody Course

Mr. Carter's royal progress down the Mississippi had its gaffes, all sharply reported. Yes, he had to give up his early-morning jogging on the top deck because he was waking up the cash customers below; yes, the trip was political, for it penetrated into Iowa, which will be caucusing five months from now to elect delegates to next year's Democratic Convention; yes, the political aspect was mishandled, for Mr. Carter failed to meet with the boys in the back room in Davenport; yes, it was confusing, for Mr. Carter claimed to be deriving new "inspiration" from the very people he had castigated on national

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television only a few weeks earlier for their lack of moral pith; yes, it looked like an escapist dream, with the President drifting peaceably downriver in the Midwest while the East Coast was in a snit. Such things would be mere ripples in the flood if the President were truly presiding; instead, these problems came to symbolize and measure his ability to deal with the real world. He can handle a decision on where and when to go jogging; anything more weighty is beyond him. A royal progress is pleasurable when the sovereign offers his person and an intelligible regime to the people; it becomes painful when he seems to have acknowledged that he couldn't find anything better to do. He has traveled his domains now, presenting to his subjects—what, exactly? A shock of hair, a quick smile, a cute daughter, fair words.

The most abiding and earnest response of those interviewed by the press was simply that they felt sympathetic toward him; they were sorry for him; any decent person hates to see a man get in over his depth. The crowds are giving Mr. Carter the kind of tolerant smile a nurse gives to a patient who is not quite in possession of his faculties. Mr. Carter interprets the smile as approval and "inspiration" when all it really means is that the people find him deserving of some quiet place in the country where he will be happy in his declining years. And as his Administration floats down the river, one is reminded of the final verses of William Alexander Percy's noble sonnet on the Mississippi:

Imperial indolence is thine, and pleasure
Of hot, long listlessness and moody course.

Will Henry Stick to It?

What Senator S. I. Hayakawa called "the texture of your thought, the stately procession of your sentences and paragraphs," has tended to obscure the central issue of Henry Kissinger's testimony on SALT II. Kissinger said that his support for SALT II rested on three conditions. The Carter Administration very probably cannot meet those conditions.

The question therefore becomes: Is Kissinger serious? That is, will he come out publicly against ratification when and if the three conditions are not met?

The Administration put the best face on things by acclaiming Kissinger's support for the treaty. The *Washington Post* in its analysis followed the Administration line: "Beneath his carefully crafted reservations, however, Kissinger did supply the endorsement for the SALT II pact for which the Carter Administration had been sorely hoping."

Consider, however, Kissinger's laid-down conditions. He demanded, as the price of ratification, that the U.S. defense effort be substantially expanded; that the Senate add three reservations or understandings to the existing treaty; and that the Senate link any future SALT negotiations to Soviet behavior around the world.

On point two—the three reservations—Kissinger demanded that the protocol forbidding deployment of cruise missiles in Europe expire as of 1981; that the Senate declare that nothing in the treaty would interfere with normal U.S. aid to its allies; and that nothing in the treaty would prevent the U.S. from matching any Soviet weapons system.

Politically speaking, those are severe conditions. Let us say that down the line the Administration proves unable or unwilling to meet them. Kissinger has spoken repeatedly and eloquently of the decline of U.S. power, and of U.S. strategic power in particular. But suppose the Kissinger conditions are not met. Will he denounce the treaty?

Make no mistake about it, Kissinger faces a special dilemma here. The bulk of the foreign policy establishment will favor ratification, conditions or no conditions. If the conditions are not met, and Kissinger comes out against the treaty, he will have crossed a personal and public Rubicon.

Volcker at the Fed

The appointment of Mr. Paul A. Volcker as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board was greeted with the kind of instant misinformation that passes for news these days. He was hailed as a "staunch conservative," and it was assumed that he would wield the "power" of the chairmanship in behalf of orthodox economics and sound money. Wrong on both counts. During his almost thirty years in official and private banking he has never been known as a conservative; indeed, earning his spurs under Robert Roosa at the New York Federal Reserve Bank in the early 1950s, he learned all the tricks of funny-money management. He "presided" over the first devaluation of the dollar since the 1930s and served in high Treasury posts under Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford.

As to the "power" he will wield as chairman, it's vague. The Federal Reserve Act grants no specific powers to the chairman. As chairman he will serve for four years but he'll have to be reappointed after that, and his reappointment will be at the pleasure of whoever is President at the time. If Mr. Volcker wants to be reappointed, he'll have to play ball. The Federal Reserve Board does have huge powers: it can set the interest rate on the loans it makes to member banks, it can buy and sell government paper in the open market in order to "fine-tune" the money supply, and within limits it can control the amount of lending the member banks can engage in.

Since the establishment of the Federal Reserve System in 1913 these powers have scarcely been invoked in behalf of a stabilized currency. The chairman does by tradition have some influence in recommending to the President the names of people to be nominated to the Board, but that influence wanes if the chairman actually exercises his "independence" by casting his solitary vote

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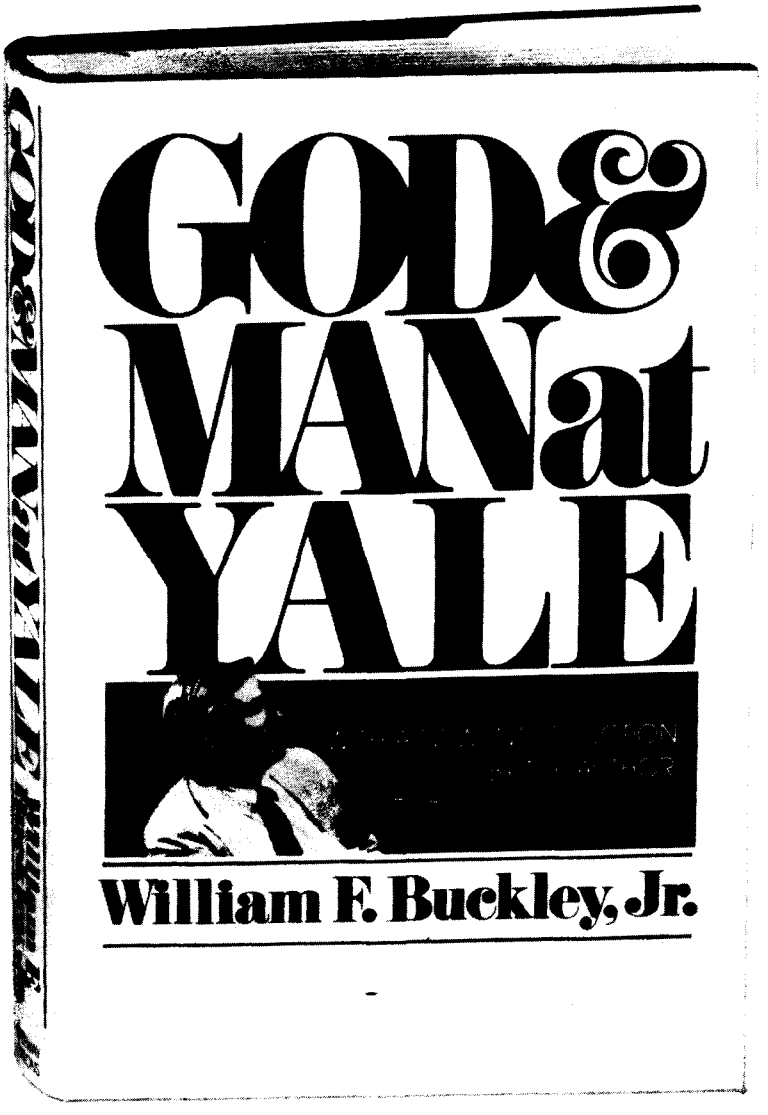
Here's the book that started it all!

Things have never been the same since Wm. F. Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* first hit the bookstands. The effect was electrifying. It became an almost overnight best seller and vaulted its young author into national prominence. Few books have aroused such a *hostile* reaction from the liberal media — while at the same time gaining the "culprit" so many loyal fans!

Now this extraordinary book (a conservative classic) is once again available in a handsome new edition, complete and unabridged — plus a brilliant new introduction (almost a small book in itself) that updates the whole story and makes this edition even more valuable than the original.

As John Chamberlain noted at the time: "Mr. Buckley's chief sin, as this book will make plain to the discerning, is to hold certain truths to be self-evident: that the free economy is better for both the individual and the group than the "planned" or the controlled economy; that man has a definite nature, which includes intimations of a moral and religious character. . . . " Powerful stuff for the dominent liberal establishment in 1951 when the book was published — powerful stuff for America today!

God and Man at Yale is, in fact, a conservative milestone. At the retail price of $8.95 it is also a bargain in today's economy. But, while they last, you can save a full $5.00 off that price with this special offer. Just extend your present subscription to NR for another year (no matter when it expires), or enter a new subscription, at the regular yearly rate of $21, and you get the book for only $3.95! Don't miss this special offer (we may never be able to repeat it!). Fill out the handy card facing this page and send it to us today.



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steadfastly against the Fed's financing of the deficits ordained by the Congress.

Dr. Arthur Burns, a native of Austria and a fine scholar of classical economics, proved powerless as chairman to withstand the inflationary pressures of congressional finance or the personal pressures of life on the Potomac. International markets have decided that Mr. Volcker will do no better. In the first few weeks after his nomination the price of gold, in terms of the U.S. dollar, has risen to new historic highs. You can be sure of one thing at least: a year from now, with the economy staggering, with unemployment at painful levels and inflation gnawing away, the misinformation industry will be telling you to blame it all on "conservative" Mr. Volcker's abuse of his "powers" as chairman.

Coming through the Curtain

The defection of Bolshoi Ballet star Aleksandr Godunov would in any case have been more than a routine event: he is the fourth Soviet superstar dancer to defect since World War II, and the first from the Bolshoi. But his defection escalated into a full-scale international incident because of the uncertainties surrounding his wife, Bolshoi soloist Lyudmila Vlasova. The rumors about her have run the gamut—one report had it that she was Godunov's KGB *monitrice*; Godunov's lawyer reports that she had been "waffling" when Soviet officials, taking advantage of her indecision, hustled her aboard the plane.

The United States has not had the reputation of being the best place to ask for asylum, and Godunov is the first of the dancers to try it here (Nureyev jumped the fence in France, Makarova in England, Baryshnikov in Canada). But our Immigration service came through immediately with asylum for Godunov himself and, in the confrontation over his wife, the State Department showed backbone, if naïveté. It now does appear that Vlasova's decision to return to the Soviet Union was autonomous; although the conditions under which our people talked with her were far from ideal. (When Nureyev placed himself under the protection of the French police, they put him, alone, in a room with two doors—one leading back to the departure lounge, the other, to their office—and told him that when he was sure of his decision, he had only to walk through one door or the other.)

The Godunov incident also produced a horrifying—but instructive—example of detente rhetoric. When the news of Godunov's defection broke, Lillian Libman of the Nederlander organization, which is managing the Bolshoi's American tour, issued a statement expressing her "great regret at the action taken by Mr. Godunov." When the press asked her in what way his action was regrettable, she replied that the Bolshoi "had had such a triumph. To have something like this appear when they are guests here, doing their work, is not happy." Godunov can count himself lucky that Miss Libman was not occupying a desk in the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

But it is not just detente fuzzy-mindedness combined with eye to the cash register that provokes this attitude toward defection. Even the word "defect" has an unpleasant ring to it—more like "turncoat" than like "émigré." Hence Western journalists tend to fall all over themselves explaining that dancers and singers and pianists defect not for political reasons but for "artistic freedom." And there's often a good deal to that. A member of the audience at the Bolshoi's last performance of *Romeo and Juliet* in New York was overheard to say, "Do you suppose Grigorovich's choreography for Tybalt had anything to do with Godunov's defection?"

But there is a serious political point in this. In the West, if a dancer doesn't like the administration of his ballet company, he doesn't have to renounce his country and forgo seeing friends and family ever again. He just quits. A dancer can't just quit the Bolshoi to sign up with the American Ballet Theatre. He has to "defect." That makes the issue of artistic freedom automatically one of political freedom, whether or not the individual in question has ever given two seconds' thought to the differences between John Locke and V. I. Lenin. And it reminds us that one of the worst sins of totalitarianism is that, by its very nature, it corrupts every issue into a political issue.

Laffer versus Thatcher

Economist Arthur Laffer is best known for his "Laffer Curve," which shows in graphic form what was always known anyway: that as tax rates go higher, people do less work, and at some point even an increase in the rates will not produce an increase in total tax revenues. A counterpart to his theory, as embedded in the Kemp-Roth proposal, holds that a general reduction in tax rates, far from swelling the federal deficit, will lead to magnified production, a greater total tax revenue, and maybe a balanced budget to boot.

So it was a real bomb Professor Laffer dropped into the August 20 issue of the *Wall Street Journal*, in an essay that assails Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's economic policies and coolly predicts their "impending failure." Laffer admits that Mrs. Thatcher has reduced the maximum tax on investment income from 98 per cent to 75 per cent and the maximum tax on earned income from 83 per cent to 60 per cent. He recognizes that the tax rate on incomes down the line has been reduced. Why, then, does he argue that Mrs. Thatcher has strayed from the holy path and adopted policies that are sure to fail?

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Social Security, It's Sinking

Disabled vets get checks;
  Kids without daddies, too.
Scads of psychotic wrecks
  Cash checks like well-to-do.
When you reach 65
  And all the dough's been drawn,
It might be good to keep
  Some articles to pawn.

W. H. VON DREELE

The problem, as Laffer sees it, is that Mrs. Thatcher has raised the value-added tax (a sort of sales tax) by a large enough amount to offset the reduction in income taxes at the lower end of the income spectrum. He argues that this net increase in total tax revenues will simply place a further burden on Britain's already stumblebum economy. He sees the recent drop in London stock prices as confirmation of his analysis and predicts that the "impending failure" will be a failure of *her* policies, not *his*.

The central problem in Laffer's argument is that he fails to distinguish between different kinds of taxes. A tax on effort, especially if it is a higher rate of tax on a greater degree of effort, is sure to kill the productive circuitry. A tax on consumption is a flat rate in itself and a declining rate as incomes rise and a greater share of income is set aside for investment and savings. Laffer calls the value-added tax an income tax; he should know better.

True, Mrs. Thatcher has set up a one-shot increase in tax revenues, but it's a minor fraction of Britain's GNP. At the same time she has dropped the tax rate on income across the board, and if Laffer's medicine is as strong as Kemp and Roth think it is, Britain will be swimming in a sea of prosperity a couple of years from now.

Perhaps when Mrs. Thatcher's success is evident, Professor Laffer will recognize how faithfully she applied his theories.

Hitler-Stalin Anniversary

Not much attention was paid this year to the fortieth anniversary of the Hilter-Stalin Pact, which kicked off World War II and sent the world Left into ideological convulsions. On August 23, 1939, the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany became allies.

Prior to August 23, Stalinists and other Soviet apologists, along with most of the American Left, had demanded "collective security" against fascism. The big anti-fascist Communist front organization was called the American League for Peace and Democracy (ALPD). With the Hitler-Stalin Pact, everything changed overnight. The ALPD became the American Peace Mobilization. Hitler was no longer the class enemy. England and France were now the real aggressors, Stalin being always on the right side.

In 1940, Bella Abzug stentorianly praised the Hilter-Stalin Pact. Balladeer Pete Seeger, the "protest" singer, aimed his "protest" against the war-mongering FDR and his efforts to shore up democratic England. Seeger brought out an album called *Songs for John Doe*, ferociously anti-FDR. The American Left split wide open. Those who wished to aid England became "imperialists" and "war-mongers."

In the summer of 1941, Hitler invaded Russia and everything on the Left once again underwent rearrangement. The American Peace Mobilization, *née* the American League for Peace and Democracy, suddenly became the People's Mobilization for War, same cast of characters.

It is therefore surprising that August 23 passed this year with so little notice. It represented, after all, one of the most important days in the history of the American Left. Pete Seeger might at least have reissued *Songs for John Doe*, possibly adding a few new numbers in praise of Hanoi. Jane Fonda and William Kunstler might have reflected on the anniversary in the light of the theory that Communists can do no wrong. Bella Abzug might at least have had the historical piety to have made a commemorative statement. And where were Corliss Lamont and Harry Bridges? Why did we have no Hitler-Stalin Pact Vigils? Teach-ins?

We at *NR* will do our duty, once again. That memorable day will not pass unsung. Recall again the great scene: Von Ribbentrop, Molotov, a beaming Stalin, the champagne toasts, the Red Army band playing the "Horst Wessel Song." The lights going out all over Europe.

Those were the days, my friend, as the song has it, and we hope it isn't McCarthyism to recall them.

The Obscenity of Terrorism

The IRA terrorist assassination of Earl Louis Mount-Batten of Burma lacked even a plausible cause-and-effect rationale. Lord Mountbatten had retired. He was never involved in the Irish strife. Because he was influential in London, a kidnapping for political extortion would at least have had some operational logic. Dead, he is without influence in London or value to the IRA. Violence without rational sequential purpose is not just infamous —it is nihilistic and obscene.

This latest IRA abomination highlights, by its enormity, the essential obscenity of the disease of terrorism which in the past twenty years has permeated the world's disintegrating social and international structure. The

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paradigm of terrorism is, of course, the Palestine Liberation Organization which has spread blood and death around the world. It is important to note, however, that the currently better prospects for eventual Palestinian autonomy, even statehood, and the PLO's cultivation of a more moderate image, are the fruits not of past terrorism but of Sadat's negotiations with Israel. This new course resulted in a momentum which a moderate Palestinian political movement might guide. Yasir Arafat may benefit from this momentum but it was created, not by him, but by Sadat. Let the IRA take note.

What will the British do? The Queen has spoken well and in Churchillian tones: "The people of the United Kingdom will wage war against terrorism with relentless determination until it is won." The world would expect nothing less. But what can be done? Well, possibly the IRA might have made a psychological error in staging this atrocity in the jurisdiction of Ireland and, on the same day, killing 17 British soldiers only yards across the border. Dublin's outrage over the Mountbatten incident might stimulate more intensive immigration and security controls in Ireland. There will be a British search for new political initiatives, perhaps with the cooperation of Ireland. There may also be extremist Protestant reprisals. As for Lord Mountbatten himself, he is gone and any obituary would pale in the light his stunning career cast on Britain and its empire. R I P.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Amusing. Just got a manuscript from an author who said he was resubmitting it for consideration since we had initially refused it because we had such a backlog of accepted pieces. Was the situation better now? He enclosed the first rejection letter, dated October 1962.

■ Dear Bill:

> TEN OF HISTORY'S greatest Practical Jokes. Have you done them? Do you have the nerve to do them? Send $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. to Wild Jokes, 11243 Rd. 200, Porterville, Calif. 93257.

I don't begrudge the two dollars that I paid for this mimeographed list of "practical" jokes, but one of them might cause NATIONAL REVIEW embarrassment.

This "joke" suggested that the "joker" call a man and tell him that his wife had been involved in an accident and was pinned under a truck. Some nut might act on the suggestion and, when apprehended, say, "I got the idea from NATIONAL REVIEW." ("I got my job through the *New York Times*.")

I wish NATIONAL REVIEW would do an article on the direct-mail solicitations. I got one from Senator Helms, in which he told me that he desperately needed $X so he could put on a television program—one month ago. Obviously Philip Crane has wasted a considerable sum and accomplished nothing. With all good wishes, I am

Svend Petersen
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

Dear Svend: Has it occurred to you that the Helms letter might have been involved in that accident? Cordially,
Bill

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am one of those frivolous people who pick up *NR* as much for the Svend Petersen Trans-O-Grams and the editor's series of ungainsayable comments as for any article you may run. This, incidentally, is better than I do with *The Nation*, which I buy only for the crossword of Frank W. Lewis, who does the most inventive puzzle of them all. Maltby in *Harper's* would get me into more of his puzzles if his instructions were not so runic! So I write because I think it high time somebody congratulate Petersen on his creations, although the sleuth work he did in a Shakespeare Concordance for the July 20, 1979 puzzle surely has to be rather a flourish of bravura on his part than a pleasure for the solver, who could find every answer if he slogged along into his Shakespeare hunting down the references. (Perhaps you should reprimand Petersen for a quotation in that puzzle which was far removed from the usual party lines lifted out of the usual heavy works on government and society!)

I can even tolerate Petersen's disdain in refusing to indicate how many words to expect in an answer. But I would like to know if it is the same *Odi Profanum vulgus at arceo* spirit that moves him to dub his straight Double Acrostic a Trans-O-Gram. Is the label Double (A)Crostic copyrighted by *The Saturday Review*?

Sincerely,
Edward Gannon, SJ
Scranton, Pa.

The Week That Was

Cy Vance is mad at Strauss.
The blacks are mad at Jews.
The Jews are made at Young.
Sadat just blew his fuse.
The PLO was pleased
To echo Dr. King;
When Jimmy changed his mind,
They called him, "Ding-a-ling."

W. H. VON DREELE

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No More Free Ride... For Union Officials.

Thanks to Harry Beck, American workers no longer have to support unwanted candidates or undesired political causes to keep their jobs.

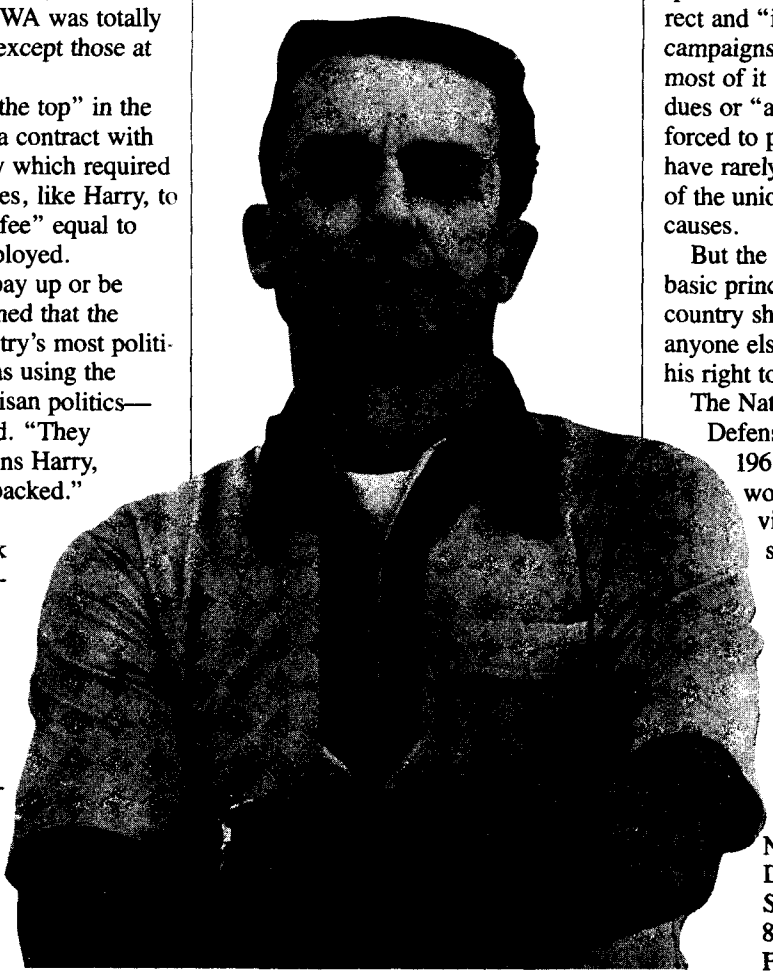
Harry, who was born and grew up in LaPlata, Maryland, has worked for the telephone company for 19 years. He once belonged to the Communications Workers of America union, but resigned "because the CWA was totally impersonal to anyone except those at the top."

However, "those at the top" in the union then negotiated a contract with the telephone company which required all non-union employees, like Harry, to pay CWA an "agency fee" equal to union dues to stay employed.

Harry Beck had to pay up or be fired. But then he learned that the CWA, one of the country's most politically active unions, was using the "agency fees" for partisan politics—and that made him mad. "They backed people," explains Harry, "I just wouldn't have backed."

With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, suit was brought against the CWA union by Harry and 19 other telephone company workers. And on March 16, 1979, in an historic decision, a Federal court ruled that a union's collecting or spending of compulsory fees for any purpose other than collective bargaining violates the Constitutional rights of employees who object.

It was the first time that a Federal court had declared that union political spending from mandatory "agency fees" is an infringement upon the rights to free speech and association enjoyed by private sector workers.



Similar protection was established for public employees in 1978 in the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Abood v. Detroit Board of Education* —another case supported by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

The potential impact of the two decisions is enormous. Union officials spend an estimated $100 million in direct and "in-kind" support on political campaigns in a single election year—most of it raised through compulsory dues or "agency fees." The workers forced to pay for this political support have rarely any voice in the selection of the union favored candidates or causes.

But the Beck decision reaffirms the basic principle that no worker in a free country should ever have to support anyone else's politics in order to retain his right to work.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, established in 1968, provides free legal aid to workers whose rights have been violated as a result of compulsory unionism. It is presently supporting more than 100 court cases involving the rights of employees across the nation.

If you'd like to help workers like Harry Beck, we'd like to hear from you.

National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Blvd.
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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Dear Father Gannon: Svend Petersen will reply in a future Trans-O-Gram. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

NATIONAL REVIEW fails to note in its current issue that its cover story by William Cheshire, entitled "The Imperial Press," is a United States Industrial Council Educational Foundation publication issued last winter and available in booklet form. Our agreement with Mr. Cheshire was that the essay could be printed in NATIONAL REVIEW, providing credit was given to the Foundation.

Please insert an appropriate credit note in the next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Please acknowledge this message. Sincerely,

Anthony Harrigan, Director
U.S. Industrial Council Educational Foundation
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Tony: We're very sorry about the omission, which was unintentional. Best wishes to you and your splendid organization. Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You will understand shortly why I am reduced to writing to you concerning a small but not negligible matter of civility (not to mention ontology).

Recently, after carefully scanning your masthead, I sent some possibly worthless satirical material to "THE EDITORS." I received promptly (all too promptly, I'd say) a pleasant reply from a man who calls himself "EDITORIAL ASST." Now where I come from it is considered proper (as providing a decent surface for trust) for a person addressed to reply directly. *Pretending* to reply directly sometimes has something to be said for it, too.

Since then I have become virtually convinced of the nonexistence of your "EDITORS"—most probably they are a fiction maintained by yourself and your (lone?) Assistant. I feared expressing my thoughts to that gentleman, however, since there is a chance he would only turn the matter over to *his* Assistant.

In addition, I find myself unable to visualize your "EDITORIAL OFFICES." Are they two desks pressed together in an airless room? A gigantic desk near a window with a tiny desk just outside the door? An endless regress of desks for Assistants' Assistants?

Now I learn from an enclosed card that the procedure must have been changed. Now I am to address "EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT"—another mirthless façade, a faceless blob which surely no one in or out of his right mind would seek to contact.

I note also that "MR. M. J. SOBRAN" (one improbable entity too many! *Ockham is slashing at Meinong's beard again!*) is said to be responsible for movies and theater and "OTHER CULTURAL FIELDS." Since I am assured by anthropologists that *everything* is culture (lawnmowing, dentistry, murder—and civility, come to think of it), there seems precious little left over for you. So to what end, I now ask myself, am I addressing you?

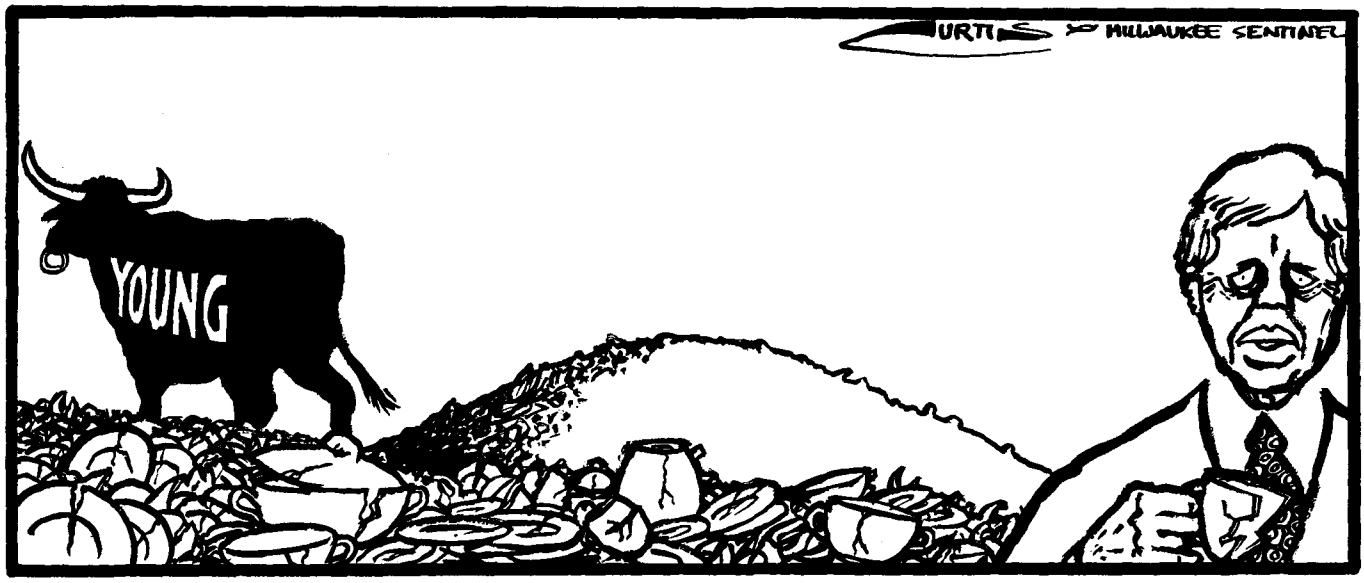
There is one way out. I shall direct my future communications to:

THE 'MAILROOM

Perhaps they will be able to help me there.

Vigilantly,
Gordon Sylander
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Mr. Sylander: Even as the Pope is the servant of the servants of God, *NR*'s editorial assistants are servants of their masters, who are your servants, Sylander, since you have to read what we publish, and if you were straightarmed by one of our Editorial Assistants, you should be grateful! Cordially, —WFB



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Brezhnev's Shortening Span

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

MY STOCK ANSWER to the question, "Are we nearer to another war?" has always been that if another war is postulated, then we are indeed one day nearer it with every day that passes. Similarly, we may safely declare that Leonid Brezhnev's remaining span of life and of office (probably, though not necessarily, the same thing) shortens by one day every 24 hours. It must be admitted that the span, so far, has been rather remarkable.

Brezhnev has been boss of the Soviet empire for 15 years, or nearly a quarter of the history of the Soviet state. Internally, his regime is a flop. It is even less able to feed its people today than under Khrushchev. Housing is deplorable, productivity is low.

How different the picture looks in foreign affairs and defense. Under Brezhnev, the Soviet fleet has become the biggest in the world, the Soviet military machine has caught up with, and in some respects surpasses, that of the United States. The imperial reach of Soviet power is greater than ever. There have been reverses, of course, but the forward drive is inexorable.

Brezhnev's Conquests

The former Portuguese territories in Africa are Soviet satellites; as are Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan. In the Far East, the Greater Vietnam of Ho Chi Minh's dreams is taking shape in defiance of China's presence. And the Sandinista of Nicaragua, having ousted Anastasio Somoza with the aid of the Soviet Union's Cuban surrogate, are moving rapidly toward satellization.

One of the more successful of the Soviet disinformation ploys of recent years is the argument that Brezhnev is a dove at heart. Therefore (the argument goes), we must give him the things he badly wants, such as detente and SALT II, lest he be overthrown and the hawks take over. With doves like Brezhnev, who needs hawks?

Brezhnev's constant concern, now and until his allotted span is ended, is the prolongation of the great Soviet success story in foreign affairs and defense, not merely because success of that sort is good for the ego and the Leninist thing to do, but because survival at home increasingly depends on success abroad.

The most remarkable thing about the Soviet success story is that it enables Brezhnev to claim, without straining credulity, that he alone has discovered the secret of still having one's cake while eating it; in other words, continuing to attack and undermine the West while graciously allowing the West to pay for the privilege with credits and transfers of technology.

But looking at the world scene, Brezhnev cannot fail to notice two clouds on the horizon: the U.S. presidential elections and the parliamentary elections in West Germany, both scheduled for late next year. The sky was already darkened, in his eyes, by the elections in France (March of 1978) and in Britain (May of this year).

Supposing, just supposing, that an anti-Communist Republican President made it to the White House; and that Franz Josef Strauss made it to the Chancellor's office in the Federal Republic . . . Even if one bears in mind that a politician, once in power, does not necessarily do what he may have said he would do while campaigning, such results could spell the end of detente on Soviet terms and jeopardize the regime at home. Those easy credits could dry up. No more computers. A nightmarish prospect, too dreadful to contemplate.

Ideally, from Brezhnev's standpoint, Jimmy Carter ought to be re-elected, although Brezhnev would have no difficulty in relaxing tensions with Edward Kennedy or Walter Mondale. But supposing President Carter should follow the advice of Allen Drury and others, and quit the Presidency. Brezhnev would not wish to waste an emollient gesture on a departing incumbent. So timing could be important. At some point between the nomination of the presidential candidates and the actual election, Brezhnev may be expected to make some headline-catching gesture, such as releasing some tiresome dissidents, or renouncing the use of some weapon the Soviet Union doesn't yet have, along with ordering his East German satellite to make some conciliatory gesture. Meanwhile, the great Soviet propaganda apparatus will be mobilized to present Strauss and America's Republican candidate (whoever that may be) as warmongers.

Brezhnev's Problems

Where Brezhnev may find himself in real trouble, however, is in certain interesting situations which Soviet power created, or helped to create, but does not necessarily control. There are plenty of those around, the products of the almost unimpeded expansionist drive of the Brezhnev era. In Iran, for instance, clandestine Soviet intervention powerfully contributed to the Shah's overthrow, but the chaotic Islamic "regime" (if it can be dignified by that name) which followed is scarcely to Brezhnev's liking.

In Afghanistan, Nur Mahomet Taraki is an obedient servant of his Soviet masters, but the Pathans are in rebellion and the Soviets face the kind of problem the British Raj faced when defending the Khyber Pass.

In Vietnam, Brezhnev's victorious protégés are making their protectors indirectly unpopular by driving tens of thousands of unfortunates into the sea; and the top Vietnamese defector (to China), Hoang Van Hoan, is tactless enough to tell the world that Vietnam is in Moscow's pocket.

In Nicaragua, the protégés of his Cuban surrogates may alarm even the present White House by moving too fast on the Cuban road. As for Rhodesia, it is at least possible that the Soviet-backed Patriotic Front may mess up the plan for a guerrilla takeover by intransigence at the constitutional conference in London.

Life at the top can be hard. At least Brezhnev can console himself with the thought that if his time ends before November 1980, history will say he was successful. But thereafter, if he is still around, the success story could tarnish rather fast. □

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A DEFENSE OF THE ENDANGERED SPECIES ACT

Of what value is the snail darter or furbish lousewort? We simply don't know. What value would we have placed on the cowpox virus before Jenner, or on wild rubber trees before Goodyear learned to vulcanize their sap?

Three Cheers for the Snail Darter

JAMES L. BUCKLEY

FEW LAWS IN recent years have caused such apoplexy among so-called practical men of affairs as the Endangered Species Act of 1973. It first burst upon the public consciousness two years ago, when it was invoked twice to scuttle projected dams in Tennessee and Maine; the first time, to save a nondescript little fish called the snail darter, and the other, an inconspicuous flower called the furbish lousewort.

It is idiotic, cry the practical men of affairs, to allow sentimentality over a few hundred weeds or minnows to stand in the way of progress. It is irresponsible, reply the conservationists, to destroy forever a unique pool of genetic material; and the conservationists can marshal a host of nonsentimental arguments in support of what many consider to be the most important environmental legislation of this decade.

Having said this, I can hear the p.m.o.a.s swallow in disbelief as they ask, "Of what possible dollars-and-cents value is the snail darter?" To which conservationists will have to reply, "Other than having inadvertently saved us from a costly mistake,* none that we *know* of." And that, paradoxically, is one of the major scientific justifications for the Endangered Species Act.

Our biological knowledge is still so pitifully small that it is less than likely that science can identify the immediate worth of any given species. The roster of species directly useful to man, however, is far greater than most of us would suspect; and we know just enough about the extent of our ignorance to understand how huge our untapped biological resources must be. It is therefore imprudent to allow an estimate of immediate worth, as perceived by men trained to think in terms only of near-term goals, to be the basis for deciding whether a given species is to be preserved.

What good is a snail darter? As practical men measure "good," probably none; but we simply don't know. What value would they have placed on the cowpox virus before Jenner; or on penicillium molds (other than those inhabiting blue cheese) before Fleming; or on wild rubber trees before Goodyear learned to vulcanize their sap? Yet the life of almost every American is profoundly different because of these species. The list goes on. As we squash the fruit fly on our kitchen counter, are we aware of its importance to medical research? And who would have thought the armadillo would prove of critical importance in the study of leprosy?

Fully 40 per cent of modern drugs have been derived from nature. Most of the food man eats comes from only about twenty out of the thousands of plants known to be edible. And even those currently being cultivated require the preservation of large pools of genetic material on which plant scientists can draw in order to produce more useful strains or to restore the vigor of the highly inbred varieties that have revolutionized agriculture in recent years.

Just a few months ago a front-page story in the *New York Times* announced: "In a remote mountain region in Mexico, a perennial plant that cross-breeds with corn has been discovered, awakening hopes for producing a perennial variety of that food crop with revolutionary implications for agriculture." This wild grass offers the prospect of a dramatic reduction in the cost of producing one of the world's most important foods. Had practical men of affairs been in charge of building dams in the Mexican sierras, however, it might have been lost—forever.

Of Value to Man

I say "forever," because extinction is one of the few processes that man cannot reverse. In the course of time the dams in question will have silted up and outlived their usefulness; but it will be too late then to decide that we would like to have the snail darter and the furbish lousewort back. If man cannot restore a species, though, he is fully capable of destroying it; which he is now doing at an astonishing rate. This century has witnessed over half the extinctions of animal species known to have occurred during recorded history; and, largely because of the vast scale on which tropical rain forests are now being cut around the world, it is estimated that by the year 2000 upwards of a million additional species—about

Mr. Buckley is the former senator from New York.

*A re-examination of the economics of the Tellico Dam demonstrates that it is yet another public works boondoggle. It would add only about 0.01 per cent to the TVA's electric generating capacity while flooding 16,000 acres of prime farmland having a productive potential of more than $50 million a year; and in order to add yet another to the chain of lakes created by TVA, it would have destroyed the last stretch of free-flowing river in Tennessee.

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20 per cent of those now in existence—may become extinct.

The Endangered Species Act was passed in order to slow down this accelerating rate of man-caused extinctions. Its purpose is not only to help save species that might prove of direct value to man, but to help preserve the biological diversity that, in America and on the rest of our planet, provides the fundamental support system for man and other living things.

Worse than Book-Burning

As living creatures, the more we understand of biological processes, the more wisely we will be able to manage ourselves. Thus the deliberate extermination of a species can be an act of recklessness. By permitting high rates of extinction to continue, we are limiting the potential growth of biological knowledge. In essence, the process is tantamount to book-burning; but it is even worse, in that it involves books yet to be deciphered and read.

As originally enacted, the legislation was defective, but not for the reasons given by those for whom the snail darter has become the symbol of environmental extremism. As correctly interpreted by the Supreme Court, the Act prohibits *any* federally financed activity that might lead to the extermination of *any* species. Critics were quick to point out that the legislation rendered unlawful America's contribution to the successful effort to exterminate smallpox. Man cannot escape the need to make difficult choices, and such choices will necessarily be made in the context of man's perception of his own best interests. All one can hope for, therefore, is to establish safeguards that will tend to assure that those unavoidable choices will reflect a truly enlightened view of where those best interests lie.

This need to provide for some exceptions to the operation of the Act was the focus of a sometimes bitter debate leading to the adoption of a series of amendments on the last day of the 95th Congress. These amendments have been damned with equal vehemence by total protectionists and by the bulldozer set—which suggests that the Congress may, on the whole, have worked out as reasonable a compromise as can be expected in any area giving rise to such strong emotion. Conservationists, for example, are concerned that the criteria for exemptions are too loosely drawn, but they can take heart from the fact that in the first two tests under the amended Act, the Cabinet-level committee appointed under its terms unanimously voted to forbid the completion of the Tellico Dam in Tennessee, and to require the safeguarding of vital whooping-crane feeding grounds as a condition for approving the completion of the Greylocks Dam in Wyoming. The Greylocks decision suggests that progress and protection are not mutually exclusive objectives.

One might contend, of course, that our country's biological diversity is still so great and the land is so developed—so criss-crossed with the works of man—that it will soon be hard to locate a dam anywhere without endangering some species. But as we develop a national inventory of endangered species, we certainly can plan our *necessary* developments so as to exterminate the smallest number possible, if not to preclude man-caused extinction altogether. This, of course, is what the legislation, as amended, aims to accomplish.

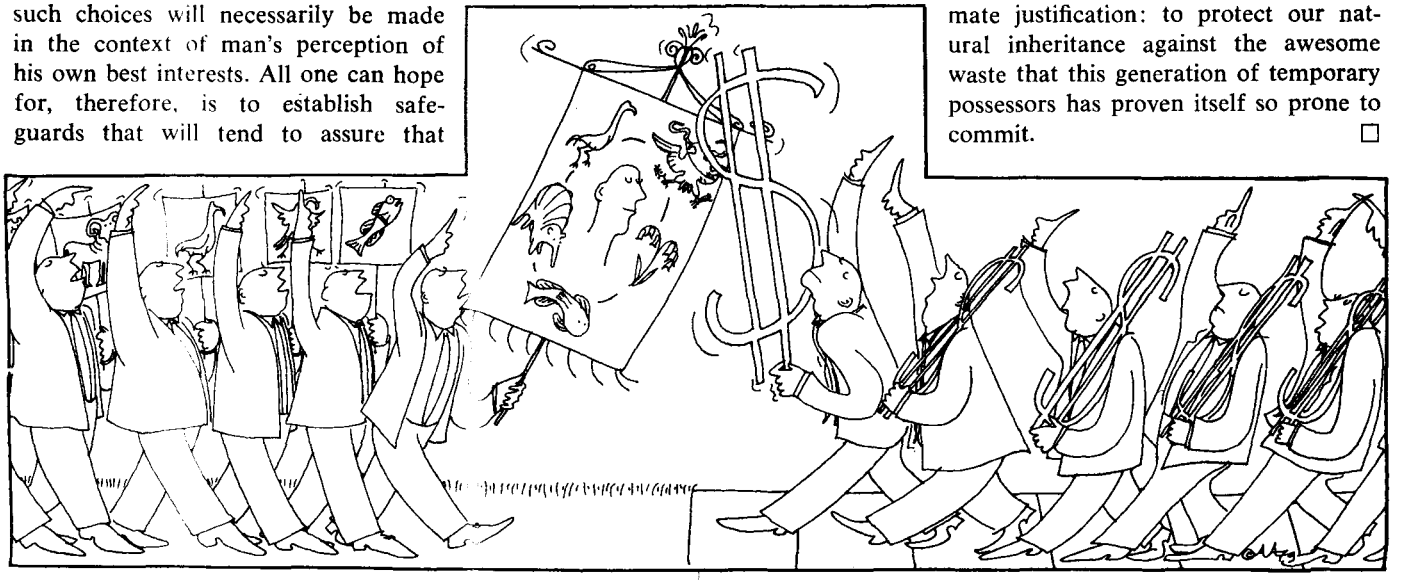
This objective represents a quantum jump in man's acknowledgment of his *moral* responsibility for the integrity of the natural world he passes on to future generations.

It is this which lends the Endangered Species Act its special significance. It recognizes values, be they ethical or aesthetic, that transcend the purely practical and admit to awe in the face of the diversity of creation. Not everyone will be moved by them, and they no more lend themselves to a cost-effective calculus than does a Bach chorale. But surely it is an act of unseemly arrogance to decree the extinction of a unique form of life without compelling justification. Such an act is irreversible, and it diminishes by however small a fraction the biological diversity that has come down to us from eons past.

Ruin or Habitation?

Edmund Burke reminds us that the men and women of any generation are but "temporary possessors and life-rentors" who "should not think it among their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance," lest they "leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of a habitation."

That, in sum, is the purpose of the Engangered Species Act and its ultimate justification: to protect our natural inheritance against the awesome waste that this generation of temporary possessors has proven itself so prone to commit. □



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LETTER FROM PARIS

The Death of Marxist Ideology

THOMAS MOLNAR

In these times, when countries all over the globe are falling and threatening to fall under Communist rule, it may seem odd to argue that Marxism is on the decline. Yet we too often mistake Western (which in practice tends to mean American) weakness for Communist strength and thus discount developments that have begun to undermine the edifice that Marx-Engels-Lenin built.

The successes of the last sixty years have been due less to the attractiveness of Communism, with its programmed inefficiency, than to the wave of utopianism which swept the West in proportion as Christianity weakened. If among the great social thinkers of the nineteenth century—Bentham, Comte, Marx, Fourier, Mill—only Marx survived as the progenitor of concrete regimes, the reason is not that he was "right"; it is that certain universalist aspirations woven into the fabric of his doctrine inspired in its adherents a sort of religious fervor. It attracted an intellectual class that was adrift, in search of a mélange of faith and science. These intellectuals did not confine their attention to Marxism: they toyed with a whole spectrum of new ideologies, but none of the others—evolutionism, psychoanalysis, racial doctrines—was found suitable, since each divided people instead of uniting them.

Thus the phenomenon of "Western Marxists": henceforward it was easy to recruit new blocs of militant followers (through, for the most part, the media and the academy).

The order in which this recruitment took place (workers, students, marginals) is important: it shows a degeneration from the solid through the liquid to the vaporous, a sure indication that somewhere along the line the elites have abandoned the Marxist creed, leaving the field to men of little substance. This is how the decline of an ideology usually sets in; even though the apparatus and *apparatchiks* still function, the believers have begun to be shaken in their faith; they repeat mindless slogans and act in accordance with them. As George Albertini writes in *Est & Ouest*, even the Far Left voters no longer regard the French Communist Party as credible; they disapprove its policies and, in the March 1978 elections, were ready to abandon it in favor of the Socialist alternative. Alas for them, Mitterrand, the Socialist leader, proved to be a fool.

Yet Mitterrand's failed maneuver did not redound to the Communist Party's benefit—and this is an important symptom of decline. In the by-elections that have followed the leftist Front's defeat, the CP continues to lose, and the CGT —the Communist trade union—has declined in importance. In Italy, too, the CP has done badly in the past year, losing ground in the June elections.

Why these losses—this stagnation? After sixty years the Communist parties of Western Europe have grown old and the Red dawn they dreamed of is still not in sight. It is now obvious, to the part of public opinion that counts, that the Communist parties are suffering from a variety of ills characteristic of an aging radicalism: *embourgeoisement*, recruitment of unstable elements, the need to play according to the opponents' rules, and the consequent necessity to look for allies—Socialists, Radicals, Catholics. The contrast with what was happening forty years ago is striking. Between World War I and World War II, Communism climbed to great heights. It became the secret wire-puller; it mobilized substantial segments of the intellectual elite and worked its magic on the snobs who, as Léon Blum once put it, "are scared of what the Party may say if they do not adopt its language and program." At that time, too, the Left in general was prospering and the Communist Party appeared to be the force behind social progress.

This is no longer true. The moral capital then accumulated is now eroded; the successes won by Moscow, Peking, Hanoi, and Havana have quite naturally tempted those Communist regimes to become more grasping, and today Moscow behaves in a classically imperialist manner. The Kremlin's hardcore *apparatchiks* continue to promote its cause all over the world, but Western opinion has shifted: the airy utopia of yesteryear is now perceived as a heavy-handed, jack-booted imperialist state. The defense of Communism sounds—from Brezhnev's mouth, more even than from Stalin's or Khrushchev's—like pure *raison d'Etat*; pro-Soviet enthusiasm has soured, and the cheers now sound forced and tinny. When Alexander Dubcek argued the need for a unified party, Brezhnev replied: "Don't be a fool—what interests us is power!"

A Bad Joke

And so it is with other Communist regimes: when the Vietnamese army, onetime darling of actresses and reporters, attacks and colonizes (there is no other word for it) Laos and Cambodia; when Castro's mercenaries fight from Angola to Eritrea, when the Chinese army invades Vietnam—not to speak of Soviet tanks mowing down workers in Berlin, Prague, and Budapest—then "liberation" becomes a bad joke to increasing numbers of people.

Today we witness the thunderous clashes of neo-Oriental empires, no longer fighting under the horse-tail standards of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, but under red banners. Even to the ideologically blind it becomes clear that after sixty-odd years of "internationalism," Communist countries have begun turning against each other, threatening and invading each other's territory. These intra-Marxist aggressions will not be erased from Western memories the way intra-Marxist purges were for so long. *Then*, a few individuals were crushed by the wheels of "historical necessity"; *now*, nationalism has been resuscitated, internationalism is dead and buried.

(Continues on page 1173)

Mr. Molnar is the author of many books, the most recent being Christian Humanism: A Critique of the Secular City and Its Ideology.

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Right Turn for Europe

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THERE ARE several indications that the European Right is enjoying a resurgence—most importantly the nomination of Franz Josef Strauss as a candidate for chancellor in West Germany's 1980 elections, and the rising importance of a rightist intellectual movement in France.

The nomination of Franz Josef Strauss as the leader of the combined Christian parties—his own party, the Christian Social Union (CSU), and the Christian Democratic Union (CDU)—was a near-miracle. Strauss's party is, after all, the smaller of the two; and there is a great deal that the two Union parties do not have in common. The CSU is indisputably conservative, and very powerful in its native Bavaria; whereas the CDU (operating in the rest of Germany) has a rather low profile and is more liberal than the CSU, taking something of a me-too attitude toward the left-wing ruling coalition. To win in 1980, the CDU-CSU coalition will need a very strong candidate: and they believe they have found him in Strauss, despite the problems he will have campaigning in the North.

In Germany there has always been a North/South tension. The Northerners tend to think of the Southerners as brutal, intemperate, and backward, while Southerners regard Northerners as dumb, unartistic, without charm or imagination. In politico-military terms, the North has tended to defeat the South (which includes Austria), but Southerners have regularly beguiled the North. Adolf Hitler, an Austrian, failed in Bavaria but scored heavily in free elections in the North; the Hohenzollerns too came from the South. Northern politicians like to recall all of this when they speak about Franz Josef Strauss.

Yet to attach a Nazi label to Strauss, as some of his enemies have tried to do, is sheer nonsense. He is, to be sure, not at all shy about his political beliefs. (He is also a scholar who can deliver a speech in classical Latin—which to some is quite as alarming as what he says.) However, it is highly probable that, if the CDU had not accepted Strauss, the Union would have split apart—with the CSU taking the lion's share of the votes.

As for the 1980 elections, the Social Democrats hold a trump card in the person of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who belongs to his party's right wing. Schmidt, a former army officer, is as outspoken as Strauss, and he is much more attractive physically. It will be a tough contest. Meanwhile, Schmidt points out that Strauss's nomination has polarized the entire German political scene—and indeed it has.

In Mitteleuropa, parties tend to call themselves "parties of the center"; they seem to have a horror of extremes. However, in a period of economic uncertainty the golden mean earns contempt rather than admiration. The resounding defeat of the CDU's Austrian counterpart, the Volkspartei, on May 6 and the upsurge of a strongly conservative Austrian students' union have shown this most clearly—and the CDU-CSU combine has taken note.

IN FRANCE we see a parallel development, though along different lines. France is even more intellectualized than Germany, and political movements there rarely grow from the grassroots. In 1933 German intellectuals watched in horror while the masses voted for tyranny—*vide* the popular saying: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Third Reich." By contrast, the French Revolution, like the Russian, was intellectual. Thus intellectual fermentations in France are of the utmost importance, even though it is often impossible to foretell their eventual success or failure. In 1900, for instance, Maurras, the founder of Action Française, counted 27 of the forty "Immortals" of the Académie Française as his supporters; and yet his political philosophy brought no tangible results.

Still, Maurras' influence is undeniably felt by the new French Right, represented by such organizations as GRECE ("Groupement de recherches et d'études pour la civilisation européenne") and its periodical *Nouvelle Ecole*, the Club de l'Horloge, and the immensely successful weekly supplement of *Le Figaro*, edited by the brilliant Louis Pauwels.

Yet what is the philosophy of this New Right? Unlike the nationalism of Maurras, GRECE, inspired and organized by the very able Alain de Benoist, is distinctly "Europeanist"; it appeals to the cultural foundations of Europe as exemplified in classical Greece (as its name also indicates). And, again unlike Maurras, who considered the Catholic faith to be a most useful prop of our culture and civilization, the GRECE ideology has a certain anti-Christian flavor, even flirting with the old Nietzschean notion of Christianity as a religion for slaves.

One reason for this attitude is the general feeling in France that Christianity is basically leftist. French Catholics, we must remember, suffer from a very particular trauma—the Dreyfus Affair, which occurred more than seventy years ago but is still politically potent. After this brush with rank reaction and antisemitism, the Church, recoiling in horror before her own mistakes, rushed in the opposite direction. As of now, there is a nearly leaderless silent majority, a vociferous leftist and largely unorthodox minority, and an even smaller Intégriste group, which is at best unintelligently conservative. The situation in France today is one of intellectual bankruptcy of the Left and confusion within the Church. In such an atmosphere, the New Right has the opportunity to fill a major gap. One unfortunate strain in its thought, however, could create a new schism in what is left of a common conservative front. This strain is not, as is sometimes charged, strictly racist (although in the popular mind it connects up with resentment of North Africans and other foreign workers); but it contains certain biological-eugenic-materialist overtones. Nonetheless, this movement will, sooner or later, make an impact on the French political scene: Prince Michel Poniatowski, former Minister of the Interior, and Olivier Giscard d'Estaing, brother of the President, are said to be in sympathy with this new, rather exciting French ideology. □

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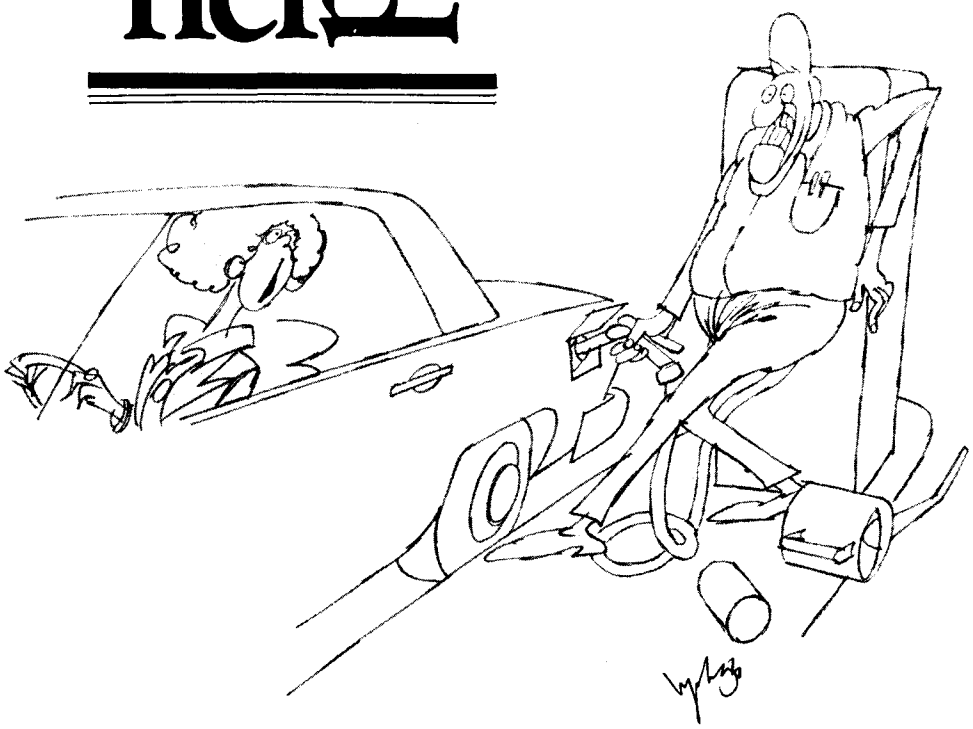


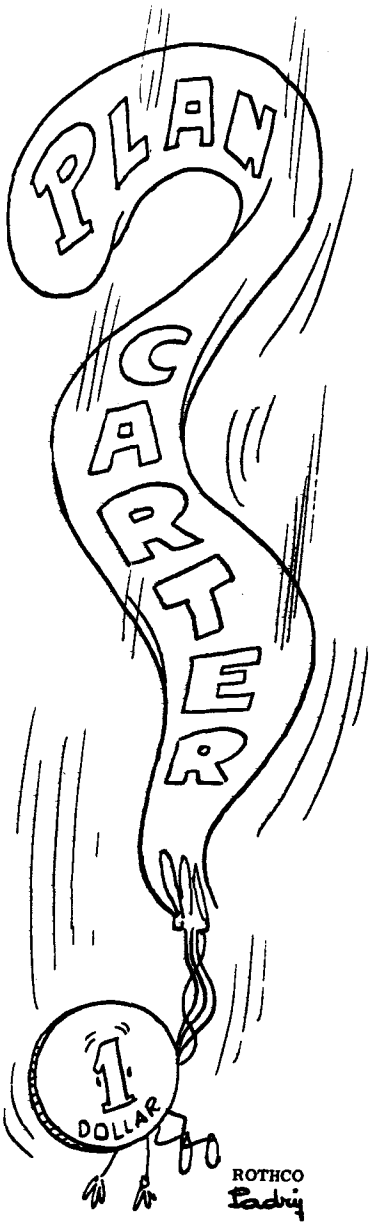
"Sorry—I always scream when it goes over ten dollars."

The Spider

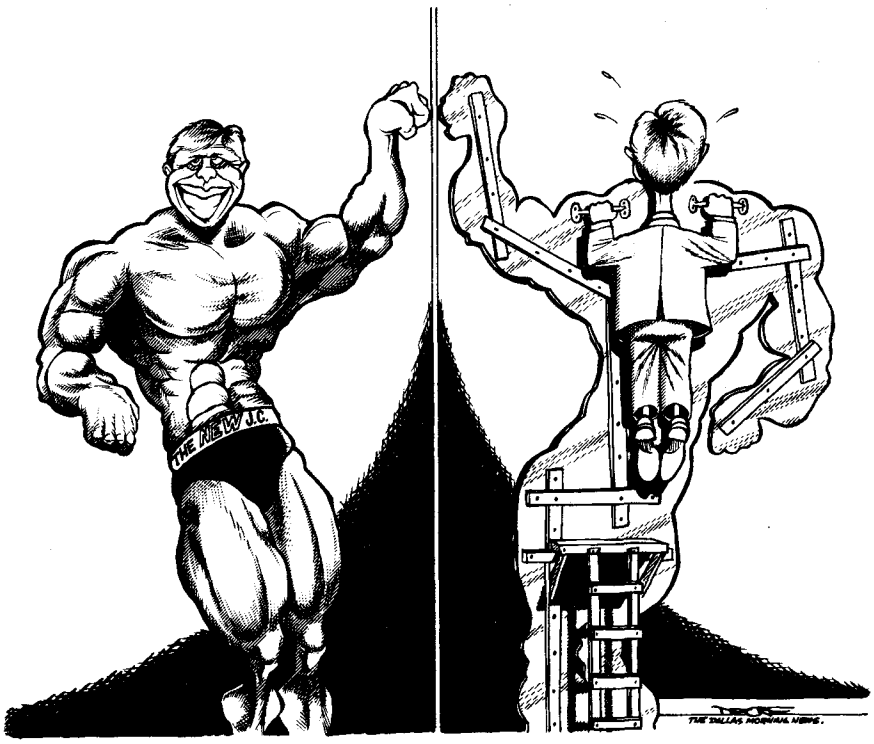
You'll notice what the spiderects
Has geometrical effects:
It's marvelous, since as a rule
A spider never goes to school.

You must not count the ones who dwell
In quarters with a schoolhouse bell;
They do not carry books or slate:
They're smart, so why matriculate?

JOHANNES EFF



"Why doesn't this parachute open?



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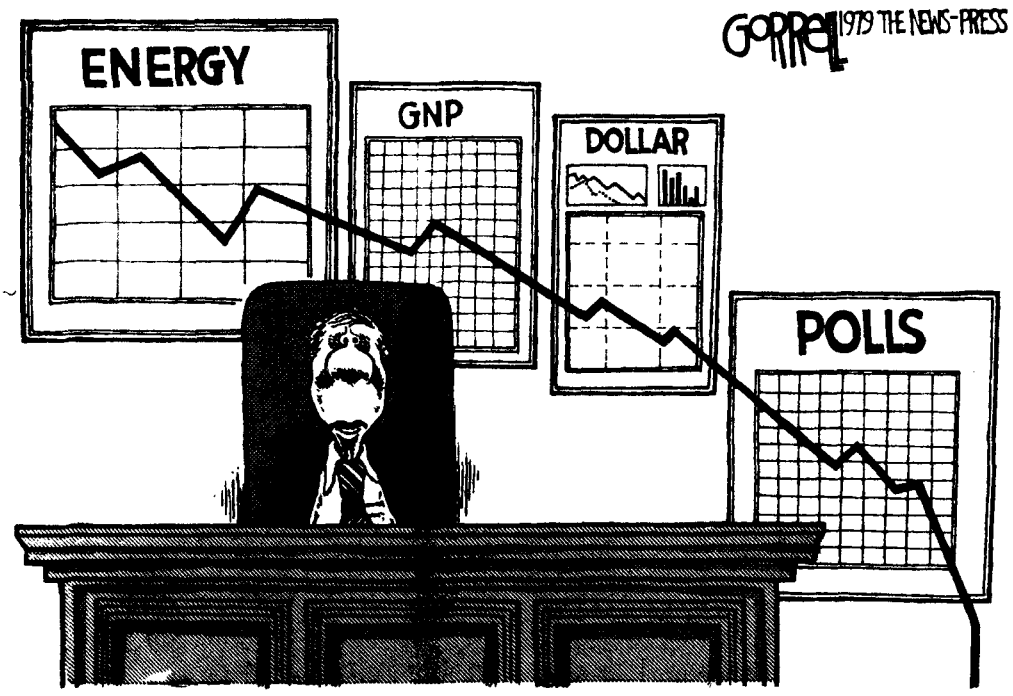

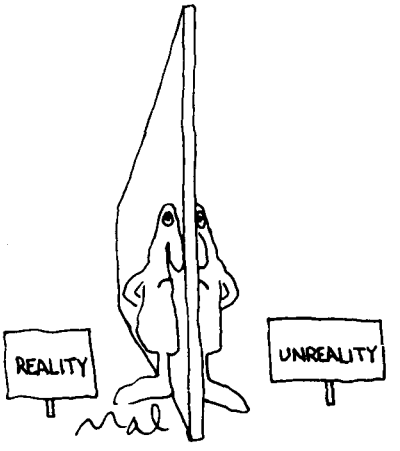

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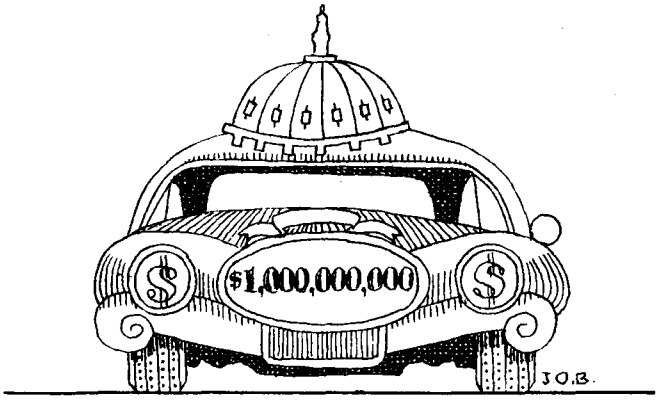
ZOOMING CAR PRICES

Billion-Dollar Bumpers

JACK SOLOMON



NINE THOUSAND six hundred seventy-four dollars and eighty-nine cents for a 1978 Chevrolet? Five years before, the same model would have listed for less than $5,000, and in 1968 it would have lightened your savings by a third of the 1978 price.

The car buyer who has been absent from the marketplace for three or four years is both angered and dismayed at these prices: he had expected inflation to take its toll, but it can't have added *that* much to the cost. And of course he's right: the Bureau of Labor Statistics says inflation swelled new-car prices by 30 per cent in five years, but that accounts for only $1,500 of the $4,600 jump. What about the rest? We are left with a $3,100 discrepancy that is not readily explained by common economic facts.

What can explain the difference is federal regulations. Over the past decade, a proliferation of laws dealing with safety, emissions, and energy, many of which are at cross-purposes with one another, have been handed down by Congress. The bureaucrats, it appears, would like nothing better than to do away with the motor car completely.

The campaign against the automobile is fraught with ever-accelerating costs, and no slowdown is in sight. Congress has already mandated regulations in safety, emissions, and energy to take effect clear through the next decade. In a few years that ten-grand Chevy will look dirt cheap.

Federal control of the auto industry began with auto-safety considerations in 1966; emissions regulations followed in 1970; and energy standards were introduced in 1975. These three bodies of law were conceived in almost total isolation from one another, and, not surprisingly, they have a contradictory effect on the vehicles produced under them.

It is crucial that we recognize the intimate relationships among these factors since they interact to affect functioning as well as cost. Safety regulations have adversely affected gas mileage and, in some cases, emissions. Emissions laws have certainly reduced performance and mileage. And so on. Regulation has proceeded so arbitrarily that it has been much less effective and vastly more expensive than it should have been. Seldom has so little cost so many so much.

The spectacular growth of the motor car in America has been paralleled by an equally awesome growth in the legislation to control it. These laws have been characterized by phases of emphasis: first on the car, then on the roads over which the car traveled, and later on the driver of the car. In the last decade or so, attention has reverted to the car itself; and it is in this period, not coincidentally, that the spectacular price escalation has taken place.

In 1966 the 89th Congress, prodded by Ralph Nader and President Lyndon Johnson, passed two extraordinary laws, the Highway Safety Act and the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act. The latter, in particular, put responsibility for passenger car design firmly in the hands of the Federal Government.

Until that time, the automobile manufacturers themselves engineered safety into their cars under the aegis of the Society of Automotive Engineers. The SAE, an august body of professionals almost as old as the automobile itself, establishes specifications for vehicle components and systems with which the industry must comply. Surprisingly, these specifications still apply, though with a cumbersome federal overlay. Brake fluid, for instance, which used to be referred to as SAE 40, is now referred to as DOT (Department of Transportation) 39876-J. SAE 40 and DOT 39876-J are exactly the same, except that under the new system the DOT issues the directive rather than the SAE. SAE specifications apparently were deemed inappropriate when Congress decided the industry could no longer be trusted to design cars with a level of safety "demanded by the public."

In due course, the National Highway Transportation Safety Administration (NHTSA) was created by Congress to write a whole new body of regulations and to oversee them. That the "public demand for safety" was largely non-existent is shown by the fact that no more than 25 per cent of the driving population has ever worn the seatbelts originally mandated by this agency, which explains why the NHTSA has mandated the airbag. The agency demands "passive safety" to relieve people from the burden of fastening their seatbelts. And the airbag will add to the price tag on every new car.

Mr. Solomon is a senior member of the American Institute of Industrial Engineers.

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The Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards (FMVSS) promulgated by the NHTSA were entirely different from anything the SAE boys ever envisioned. They were called "performance standards" because they specified a capability rather than a piece of hardware. For example, instead of a simple directive to install seatbelts, auto-makers were told to provide restraint systems for the driver and passengers that would protect bodies under specific crash conditions. How they did it

By demanding performance rather than hardware, the Feds were relieved of the burden of engineering and testing components. This task—and its attendant cost—was left to the car-maker

was up to them, so long as the performance of the resulting hardware met or exceeded the federal criteria. This approach is our first clue to the $3,100 discrepancy we discovered earlier.

The performance standard was the natural choice for the NHTSA. Since it wanted only the best in crash safety for the motorist, it reasoned that he should be willing to pay for it. The performance standard also relieved the Feds of another ticklish responsibility. They had little knowledge of or interest in equipment design as such; hence, by demanding performance rather than hardware, they were relieved of the burden of engineering and testing components. This task and its attendant cost was left to the car-maker and had, of course, to be recouped at time of sale—clue number two to the extra $3,100 in the ten-grand Chevy.

The creation of independent designs meant that each car-maker was expending vast sums in engineering costs and talent to develop hardware that duplicated the hardware each of the other car-makers was developing. This is tantamount to re-designing the wheel every time you need one. Howard Freers, chief engineer at Ford Motor Company, said a few years ago, "I've got 1,200 engineers out there; six hundred are working on safety and emissions and the other six hundred are designing cars, which is what they *all* ought to be doing."

Safety devices have added perhaps as much as $1,500 to the cost of each car. The total is probably more if we add the chassis and suspension buttressing to accommodate the extra weight. Does this equipment work? Are we safer now than we were in 1966?

FEDERAL legislation has not made cars safer to drive, only to crash in. "Passive safety" or crash-worthiness does nothing to prevent accidents. If today's cars are more road-worthy, if they stop or handle better; it has little to do with Congress or the Department of Transportation. The auto firms themselves have done it. It's called technological evolution: as the engineers learn more, they apply that knowledge to improve the breed—but not because of a federal mandate. There is hardly a new car on the road today that is not an improvement in handling and stopping over its 1960s counterpart. This is "active safety," and it's real: you can feel it any time you drive a newer model; and it didn't take the entire NHTSA or $1,500 a car to do it.

The question of what benefit is derived from federal safety legislation has puzzled the public for some time. Dr. J. M. Juran, a former government administrator, recently published an in-depth analysis of the value of the federally mandated safety devices. His evaluation leaves little to the imagination. "It is obvious that despite the huge expenditures, the really significant improvement has come from the category of seatbelts used, which involves only 6 per cent of the money!" Seatbelts cost practically nothing, yet they provide excellent second-crash protection. The other fifty or so federally mandated safety devices have been responsible for almost 100 per cent of the cost, but have yielded no significant reduction in highway fatalities. Incidentally, seatbelts have been standard equipment on all cars since 1964, two years prior to the federal mandate.

Dr. Juran goes on to consider another factor, the curious absence of property-damage reduction during the decade of federal control of auto safety. "The lack of decline in property damage can be readily explained on the grounds of NHTSA's emphasis on reducing the effect of the 'second crash,' rather than preventing accidents from happening." Motorists are not only still crashing, but it's costing them more to do it.

Now more standards are being proposed, which will touch off a new round of cost increases. Will they be more effective, or is the motorist just being taken for another expensive ride?

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II

Four years after the passage of the Highway Safety Act and the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act, Congress went after exhaust emissions. The 1970 Clean Air Act, championed by Senator Edmund Muskie, contained regulations dealing with both stationary and automotive sources of pollution. The automobile was on its way to being foolproof. It was only natural that it should also be pure.

The original vehicle standards of 1970 were to be enforced by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). These called for a 90 per cent reduction in carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and nitrogen oxides by 1975. This in itself would have been extreme, but the mandate was in fact far tougher than it first appeared to be. In setting the limits, Congress failed to mention that exhaust emissions had already been cleaned up by more than 60 per cent over uncontrolled levels. This was achieved over a three- to four-year period through adoption of California standards, which were first established in 1965. The EPA was effectively asking for a 98 per cent reduction in pollutants, an achievement that would baffle the best engineers in the country.

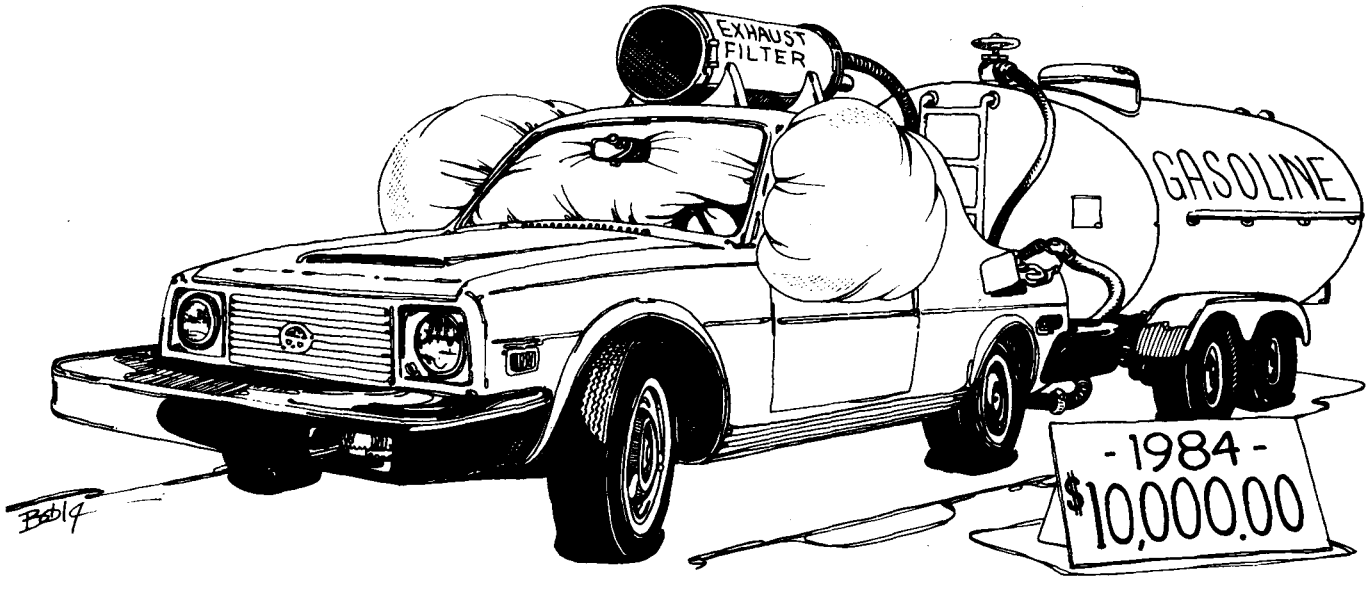
We have only recently become aware that carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and nitrogen oxides are only three of the contributors to poor air quality. The Clean Air Act said nothing about particulates, the solids in air, which are at present uncontrolled. As a result, diesel engines, which generate a high level of particulates, have no trouble meeting existing standards. However, the EPA has recently become concerned about particulate emissions, and new regulations are imminent. Hence, just as manufacturers have begun mass-producing the diesel and marketing it as the energy conservation engine of the future, it may be forced into obsolescence because of unattainable emissions regulations. Federal shortsightedness of this degree not only cheats the public but makes the planning of future production by the auto-makers a next-to-impossible task.

While no one really disagrees that the air needs cleaning up, the problem once again is the government's plan to achieve this goal. Back in 1970, little was known about the relationship between air quality and health, and not much more is known today. How our well-meaning representatives in Washington were able to determine that a 90 per cent reduction in three specific gases was called for remains a mystery. They didn't know how much this 90 per cent reduction would contribute to improved air quality, or, even more, whether it was feasible within the time allotted. Furthermore, if air quality were improved, would this in turn contribute to public health, and by how much?

The question of cost never arose. Because Congress had none of the other pertinent answers, the cost of compliance, both social and monetary, was never addressed. Only recently have scientists spoken out against the excessive costs of overcontrolling exhaust emissions. John McKetta, chairman of the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on National Air Quality Management, says that if we were 100 per cent successful in removing oxides of nitrogen from automobile exhaust, we would still have to contend with 99 per cent of the atmosphere's daily supply, just as mankind has since the dawn of history.

The greatest cost of compliance with federal mandates has been the horrendous rise in automobile fuel consumption. "Don't get me wrong," says John McKetta, "we do have to worry about automobile pollution. But we shouldn't worry about it so much that it prevents us from doing a lot of other good things." One of these is saving fossil fuel. Automotive pollution control devices have increased fuel consumption between 15 and 30 per cent since the Clean Air Act. We have paid for our improved air quality by burning an additional three trillion gallons of gasoline at a cost of over $1.5 trillion. That pollution-free Chevy is not only expensive to buy, it's also costly to operate (that is, if you can find gas for it at all this year).

For, if the stringency of the standards was bad, even worse was the way in which they were implemented. The Clean Air Act demanded *immediate* response from the manufacturers. The regulations were to be effective in the next model year and tightened annually thereafter. The manufacturers were not given a final standard and then allowed the lead-time to perfect the technology required to meet it. No sooner had De-



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troit laid out the hardware to meet 1971 standards than they had to begin on 1972, 1973, and so on. As a result, no optimum system for controlling pollutants was ever designed.

Because the auto-makers were forced to meet increasingly tough standards with essentially zero lead-time, they installed inefficient, ad-hoc devices which they probably would *not* have chosen under better conditions. If Congress had set only one standard—the final level to be attained in the year 1975 or 1976—the end product would have been significantly better, gas mileage would have suffered less, and, most of all, the resulting air quality would have been as good as and probably better than it is today. An emissions-controlled engine that gets bad gas mileage burns more fuel and thereby produces a greater *volume* of pollutants than a more efficient engine.

III

At the peak of the Arab oil embargo in 1973, we were told that an energy crisis existed. Washington insisted that we were running out of fossil fuel and had better cut our usage. A gas rationing plan was devised and coupons printed. Again this year, a rationing system appeared imminent, while prices have risen stratospherically. What has failed to be mentioned amid the declarations of doom was the contribution federal legislation had made to the energy shortage.

No move was made, during or after the 1973 embargo, to review the Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards and Clean Air Acts with an eye toward reducing their effect on fuel consumption. Instead, Congress stepped in to pass yet another law affecting the auto industry. The Federal Energy Act of 1975 contained specifications for fuel economy standards for cars manufactured in 1977 and thereafter.

CAFE stands for Corporate Average Fuel Economy standards, and specifies that the weighted average of each manufacturer's production in any model year shall reach a specific miles-per-gallon level, as follows: 1977, 17 mpg; 1978, 18 mpg; 1979, 19 mpg; 1980, 20 mpg; 1981 to 1984, to be determined; 1985, 27.5 mpg.

After 1985 the goals are uncertain, but they will probably be revised by Congress long before then anyway. What is important is that each and every car-maker, domestic or foreign, *must* meet these standards or face a heavy fine. A $50 fine is imposed for every vehicle produced in a given model year, for each mpg below the standard. A company such as General Motors could easily incur a fine of over $3 million by missing the CAFE standard by *one* mpg.

How are the car-makers doing it? The technology is exotic but the approach is quite simple. They are spending billions of dollars. A revolution is taking place in Detroit. It's called down-sizing. The biggest single factor in fuel consumption is vehicle weight, and the down-sizing program is designed to reduce it. General Motors kicked it off by down-sizing its full-sized cars in 1977. They redesigned the entire line to eliminate about seven hundred pounds of vehicle weight, at a cost of over $1 billion. For 1978 they down-sized the intermediates, and in 1979 down-sized their compact line. This will continue without interruption through 1985. Ford and Chrysler began down-sizing this year. This is the most colossal endeavor ever undertaken by the auto industry. By 1984, they will have gone over $80 billion into debt in an effort to meet federal mileage standards. By then, Chrysler may be out of business.

They are also testing new engine designs, particularly diesels. This is serious business. The auto-makers must meet the CAFE standards or go under. It's all horrendously expensive, and guess who is paying the bill? The consumer didn't ask for the ten-grand Chevy, but he is the one who has to pay for it. By 1984 the *average* new car is expected to cost over $10,000, and this doesn't mean your present-day Chevrolet, it means a car about the size of today's Pinto.

Congress is well aware that emissions and safety standards contribute to increased fuel consumption. Yet it refuses to review these regulations. It has not even attempted to ascertain if they are accomplishing their intended purpose. Crash bumpers, for example, have proved worthless in protecting safety-related systems during low-speed crashes. Their contribution to vehicle weight is enormous. Auto-makers have demonstrated conclusively that the bumpers and the strengthening of the chassis they require add up to six hundred pounds. It takes an additional 62 gallons of gasoline a year to cart your crash bumpers around. Yet they will continue to be required on future models.

New laws are heaped on old ones in an endless attempt to undo previous mistakes. Each new round of legislation carries its associated cost. Safety and emissions controls are responsible for about $2,100 of the $4,600 difference in price between your 1973 and your 1978 Chevy. After deducting for uncontrolled items, the from-the-ground-up redesign to meet the CAFE standards will easily account for the rest. If you're in doubt, drop in to your local dealer and compare the sticker price of a new mid-sized car with its 1976 (pre-down-sizing) counterpart.

By 1984 the average *new car is expected to cost over $10,000, and this doesn't mean your present-day Chevrolet, it means a car about the size of today's Pinto*

The regulations Congress has heaped upon the automobile industry over the past 15 years are in dire need of review. Every standard must be examined to determine not only its initial cost, but the cost over its expected life span. Finally, we must determine priorities for all vehicle legislation in light of future expectations. If energy conservation is to be our Number One concern, we must weed out those laws which unduly hinder us from reaching this goal, especially those whose economic and social benefits are questionable or non-existent.

The motor car's future role in private transportation is at stake, and there are those who would be glad to see it go. Here, for example, is an obiter dictum uttered last fall by a member of the current Administration's Department of Transportation: "I'm not sure you need to go more than forty miles an hour or drive a car more than three hours from the city." That's the way our bureaucrats think. □

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RIPON AGONISTES

A Mid-Life Crisis

ALAN CRAWFORD

THE RE-ELECTION last November of Republican "liberals" Chuck Percy and Jim Thompson in Illinois and the victories of Rudy Boschwitz and David Durenberger in Minnesota, Bill Cohen in Maine, Nancy Landon Kassebaum in Kansas, and Dick Thornburgh in Pennsylvania add up to a rather strong showing for the wing of the party whose political obituary has been written more times than one cares to count.

That these Republicans ran (for the most part) on "conservative issues" can be put down, by those so inclined, to cynicism—perhaps with some justification. But the fact is, the Ripon Society has been undergoing something of a mid-life crisis in recent months. That hotbed of GOP liberalism just isn't what it used to be.

The aging "young Turks" who once tried to remake the Republican Party in the image of Nelson Rockefeller are now giving high marks to Barry Goldwater (83 points out of 100 in 1977) and Jesse Helms (75 out of 100 in 1978). One suspects they wouldn't even qualify as "little juvenile delinquents" today—that's what John Mitchell called them when they smelled a rat in Dick Nixon's Justice Department.

It has not always been so. Time was when Ripon Republicans showed real conviction in their railings against "the *Human Events* crowd." In palmier days when, for example, founder Josiaph Lee Auspitz chose the pages of *Playboy* to issue the Ripon Society's call for "mass aristocracy" their well-oiled mimeograph machine was working overtime alerting the Party Faithful to the menace of the Reaganite Right. Back then, Ripon Republicans applauded liberals such as Ted Kennedy and Birch Bayh so heartily that the outfit was dismissed by angry right-wingers as a "masquerading agent" of the Democrats.

No one is sure exactly what happened; but over the last few years all that has changed. The organization's president, a bright and affable Washington attorney named John C. Topping Jr., says the time has come for party "progressives" to join forces with the conservatives they once so vehemently opposed. Putting it more strongly, Topping goes on to say that to the extent that traditional hostilities between the conservative and liberal wings of the party still obtain, they should be put aside "for the good of the GOP."

Ecumenical issues should be emphasized—specifically, economic issues. According to a recent Ripon Society report, "a new economic consensus, shared by both progressive and conservative Republicans, has emerged." What is involved here, according to the report, is a shared commitment to free-market economics, the wisdom of which Ripon intellectuals now recognize, having become suspicious of government intervention in the economy.

More Hard-headed

"Let's just say that in the last few years we have become more hard-headed about government programs, and our emphasis on libertarian economics—while always present among our members—represents a practical application of this distrust," explains Topping, former chief counsel of the Nixon Administration's Office of Minority Business Enterprise.

Consequently, the Riponites now support educational vouchers along the lines proposed by Milton Friedman, a lower minimum wage to ease the entry of teenagers into the work force, a crackdown on union abuses in the construction industry, and reductions in the payroll taxes of small businesses. These progressives have also endorsed curbs on runaway costs of pension programs for public employees.

Commitment to such a program, Topping concedes, could mean "more compromise from moderates and progressives," who "may have to do some things that would cost them their National Education Association endorsements—compromises Democrats cannot afford to make because they are so completely mortgaged to labor."

The rewards, however, would be great. Topping believes there exists "an enormous potential, politically, if we could forge a new coalition in the party, pulling together more programmatic moderates and policy-oriented conservatives—guys like Bob Packwood from our side and conservatives like Jack Kemp and Dick Lugar. A unified effort on behalf of specific programs by these kinds of Republicans could really take the Democrats by storm."

Anti-Busing

Thus Topping delights in the lack of "intellectual fervor among the Democrats, who have become political agnostics. But there seems to be a real interest in innovative approaches—in urban policy, in capital gains, in the whole tax issue—among these Republicans. It represents the kind of activity around which a party can be built, which the Democrats, who don't seem to believe their own rhetoric any more, totally lack."

Topping says the group's starboard list can be explained, in part, by the disappearance of divisive liberal/conservative issues such as the Vietnam War: "We used to put a heavy emphasis in our ratings on antiwar votes, but that issue is simply not with us any more. Nor is there much disagreement between conservatives and Ripon types, now, on busing. We used to pride ourselves on our support for desegregation—we still do—but we have concluded that busing has done nothing for the quality of our public schools. So pro-busing votes don't enter into our ratings any more either."

Ripon's ratings, an interesting subject in itself, reflect these new concerns. When the Ripon Society prepares its annual tally, it avoids the more widely publicized issues, out of a conviction that votes on less publicized ones are better measures of political principle.

Mr. Crawford is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in Inquiry *and* The Nation. *He is now at work on a book about the New Right.*

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Thus, their "test votes" for senators, released early in the year, include such relatively obscure issues as authorization of U.S. participation in the International Sugar Agreement—which caught otherwise free-market conservatives Strom Thurmond, Jake Garn, and Orrin Hatch all voting to boost subsidies to the sugar producers. And, on the House side, a "test vote" on an amendment to delete requirements that Amtrak purchase only American-made goods and services discovered Ed Derwinski, who was eloquent in opposition to the Carter Administration's cargo preference bill, voting for *this* protectionist nonsense.

The ratings reflect a strong anti-protectionist theme, with outright hostility to subsidies of any kind. There is not, in this regard, "an enormous gap" between the conclusions of the Ripon Society and those arrived at years before by, say, the American Conservative Union—as Topping freely admits.

But some divisive issues do remain. Topping points out, for instance, that there persists among Riponites "a pro-Equal Rights Amendment sentiment and, on the abortion question, our people would probably come down on the 'pro-choice' side. All in all, our members are probably more libertarian on the social issues than the conservatives are."

Two-Way Street

The most recent ratings—which include an anti-draft vote, a pro-abortion vote, and one "to ensure that nationally distributed publications or movies not be subject to the whim of every headline-hunting U.S. attorney"—reflect this theme as well.

But these divisive social issues, Topping contends, are not issues on which people vote, and they are not ones around which the Republican Party can be rebuilt: "Americans vote, primarily, on 'bread-and-butter' issues. Sure, they get upset and angry about social issues, but these issues don't really have a great deal to do with the business of governing . . . as opposed, perhaps, to 'social protest.' And it is on the 'bread-and-butter' issues that there is a lot of common ground between serious policy-oriented conservatives and moderates."

One American Conservative Union activist who shares this view says it would be a mistake to pretend that "all the movement has been from their side to ours. After all, there is no question that some conservatives in recent years have become more interested in policy—in finding genuinely workable approaches to public policy questions—and less interested in what Topping correctly calls 'social protest.' And this makes these conservatives less objectionable from Ripon's point of view.

"Conservatives and Ripon types are more likely, of course, to find areas of agreement now that Milton Friedman is prominent or, say, now that we have the American Enterprise Institute, whereas, before, there may have seemed little common ground at all."

Libertarian Mark Frazier, a product of the *Human Events* journalism program and now a contributing editor to *Ripon Forum*, personifies this trend. He finds the Ripon Society "a compatible home."

"In earlier years," Frazier says, "the organization reflected a pretty standard liberal Republican view, believing that the government should take a major role in the economy, which they certainly don't believe any more.

"Ripon types favored a lot of the government programs supported by liberal Democrats, but the clear failure of these programs has pushed them over to the libertarian side. Friedman has had a big impact on Ripon's thinking too."

This conversion may tell us a good deal about the condition of liberal Republicanism as well. After all, Nelson Rockefeller is gone, and so, politically speaking, is John Lindsay; Senator Percy—for so many years the Great White Hope of party "progressives"—was allowed to come crawling back to Washington last November only after assuring the voters of Illinois that he'd "gotten the message."

"Intellectually, there's been a real shift in our direction in recent years," says *NR*'s M. Stanton Evans, who was national chairman of the American Conservative Union for six years. "Even liberal Democrats are now saying that we have 'to work through the market.'"

Whatever the reason, the shift seems quite genuine. "The senators and congressmen that I'd consider Ripon types have not only been behind us on Kemp-Roth and the whole tax-cut issue, they've been way out in front on it," comments Randall C. Teague, a key member of Representative Jack Kemp's kitchen cabinet. "And if this is what they mean when they say that many of the traditional lines dividing the two wings of the party no longer apply, and that a common ground of agreement is developing, then they may well be right."

All of that is the good news. The bad news (for many NATIONAL REVIEW readers) is the dissent voiced by a growing number of thoughtful younger conservatives who, while understanding the function of the market, are coming nevertheless to reject its "cash-nexus" dictates—and thus to reject the very position toward which the Ripon Society and others are moving.

Profits and Morality

This is suggested, at any rate, by a recent article by one such young conservative, which appeared in *New America*, the publication of the Social Democrats, U.S.A. Bryan Lops, a former *Human Events* writer and GOP activist, fears that the growing alliance between liberal Republicans and the deep thinkers of the American Enterprise Institute "may be nothing more than a sophisticated packaging of the same old laissez-faire bromides." Echoing Peter Viereck, George Will, and a tradition of conservative thought that goes back to Irving Babbitt and even Coleridge, Lops deplores the fixation with business interests, which, he says, has resulted in the "short-sighted anti-labor, anti-government attitudes which have for so long dominated American conservatism."

Responding to *Human Events*' superb coverage of the scramble by American businessmen to trade with Communist Cuba, the Columbia University graduate student concludes that it is high time conservatives heard "what social democrats have been trying to tell laissez-faire enthusiasts for decades: that regardless of how much good their productive system may have accomplished in raising mass living standards, those whose main economic objective is the pursuit of profit simply cannot be trusted to set the moral tone of a democratic society."

A trend in the making? If so, thoughtful dissent of this sort represents a challenge to this new alliance of "Manchester liberals" in the Republican Party. □

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The Garn Alternative

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

MORE OR LESS despairing of selling the SALT agreement on its merits, spokesmen for the Carter Administration have retreated to generic argument. The issue now before us, they contend, is not the boring detail work about heavy missiles, MIRVs, or telemetry encoding, but the SALT process itself. The question to be decided is whether we want a treaty at all, or whether we are willing to face the terrors of a "future without SALT."

While this tactic appears to be effective in some quarters, it is not on the face of it all that frightening. Indeed, considering the injuries inflicted on us by SALT I, and the disadvantages inherent in SALT II, a "future without SALT" looks quite attractive. It can be plausibly argued that nothing has done more to erode the strategic posture of the United States, and the Free World generally, than the assumptions on which the SALT negotiations have been based. Peace through mutual vulnerability, glossing over Soviet transgressions to maintain the "process," and a willingness to subordinate cold-war realities to the spirit of detente are not the stuff of a successful foreign policy.

Backfire, No; B-52, Yes

Even on the premise that *some* SALT accord is desirable, however, there is no reason to accept the colossal imbalance imposed on the United States by the Carter-Brezhnev understanding. From the premise that there ought to be some agreement on arms control, it doesn't necessarily follow that we must have *this* agreement. Treaty language that aims at authentic balance, and protects the vital interests of the United States, is after all conceivable. In fact, such language already exists, in the form of an alternative treaty drawn up by Senator Jake Garn (R., Utah).

Garn, who has emerged as one of the most articulate foes of the SALT accords, pinpoints the major weaknesses of the existing agreement: the imbalance in terms of "heavy" missiles, allowing the Soviets to have 308 of these behemoths while we have none; the exclusion of the Soviet Backfire bomber from the treaty's limits, while our aging B-52s are counted; unrealistic methods of calculating missile potency, focusing on size as such rather than on actual capability; severe limitation on cruise missile ranges, working to the advantage of the Soviets; and totally inadequate provisions for verification to assure us that the Soviets aren't cheating.

The result of adopting such a treaty, Garn asserts, would be to "give the Soviet Union low-cost, 'politically meaningful' nuclear superiority, [which] would be the foundation for a continuing policy of global expansion by the Soviet Union, and allow it to divert military resources to the build-up of other forces while extending its nuclear umbrella over Western Europe, the Middle East, Africa, and the Far East . . . The United States, in the spirit of accommodation and 'compromise,' has accepted the Soviets' position on every major issue. Compromise is one thing, but surrender is another."

While many congressional critics have pointed to the deficiencies of SALT II, Garn is the only one to have drafted a comprehensive program for correction. This document, placed in the *Congressional Record* for June 27, is a point-for-point reconstruction of the Carter-Brezhnev treaty, setting forth Garn's conception of what is needed to restrain the spread of nuclear arms while assuring the defense of the United States. And while it is unlikely the Carter Administration or the Senate would accept such proposals *in toto*, the Garn alternative is a very handy measuring-rod by which to gauge the present treaty. Among the key provisos:

1. Each side would be permitted the same number of strategic nuclear delivering vehicles (SNDV), beginning with 2,400 and gradually reducing this to 1,600 by December 1983. Within this total, there would also be sub-limits, equally applied, on allowable numbers of missiles with multiple warheads. Most important, the number of "heavy" missiles would also be the same for both sides, beginning at 308 and diminishing to two hundred by December 1983.

2. The Soviet Backfire bomber would be included, with each plane being counted as three-fourths of an SNDV (recognizing its one-way capability). Our FB-111s, on the same principle, would then each be counted as one-half an SNDV. Garn would also increase the number of cruise missiles the United States could deploy, permit the transfer of this and other technology to our allies, and increase range limits on ground- and submarine-launched cruise missiles. (The severe range limits in the existing treaty benefit the USSR, since its major cities are inland, while many of ours are on the seacoasts.)

Closing the Loopholes

3. Multiple safeguards would be included against cheating. Destruction of old missiles would be required, to prevent their storage for loading onto reusable launchers. Technical rather than size limitations would be written in, to guard against the secret development of "new" missiles. The number of intermediate-range missiles that could be converted to ICBMs would be limited. Encoding of telemetry from missile testing, permitted under the Carter-Brezhnev treaty, would be prohibited. And specific provision would be made for on-site inspection.

In addition, Garn sets forth suggestions for upgrading our defenses—and reforming our strategic doctrine—irrespective of what happens to SALT II. "We must," he says, "change our strategic targeting—aiming most of our own weapons at Soviet military targets, instead of at cities; reduce the vulnerability of our ICBM force; develop the technology which will allow us to build our defenses against incoming missiles both for our own civilian population and for our weapons; modernize our bomber force; etc."

There is more to the Garn alternative, but this suggests the flavor of it. What he proposes is an *equal, verifiable* treaty, in contrast to the present one, which is unequal and unverifiable—with both those qualities working to the advantage of the Soviets. □

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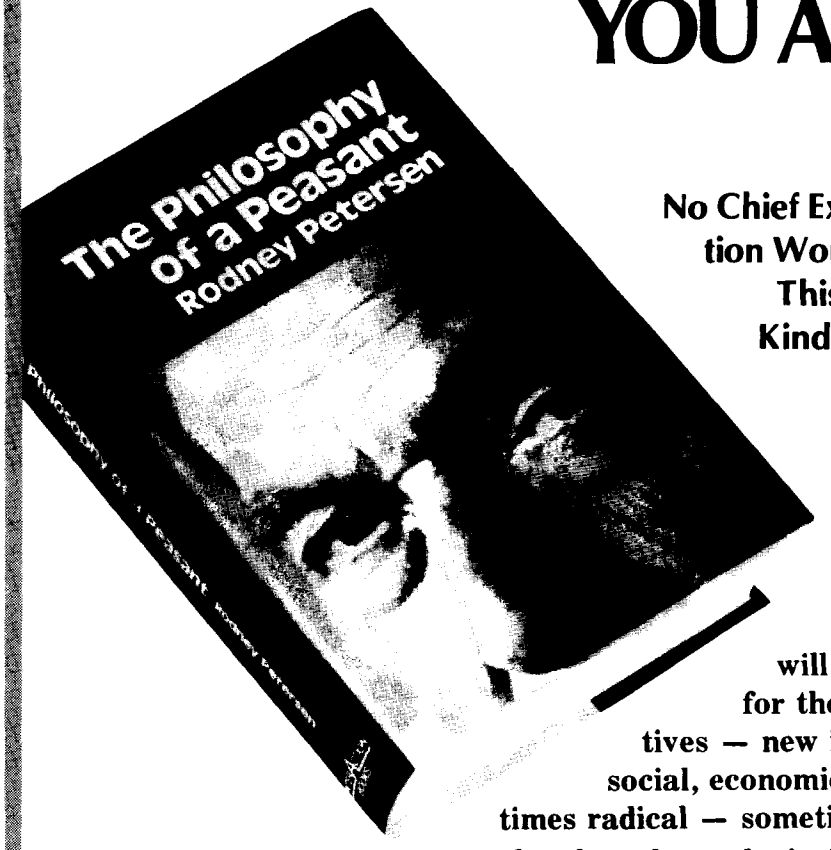

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ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES

The Grand Inquisitor, Born Again

MICHAEL NOVAK

FOR MOST of my adult life I have thought of myself as a Social Democrat, and I still do, but I have also tried to be observant and to learn from experience. Two lessons have especially impressed me: 1) that the practice of socialism—as exemplified in a majority of the world's nations—is far more authoritarian and inhumane than its idealistic thinkers of the past predicted, or its proponents of the present have the honesty to observe; and 2) that the practice of democratic capitalism—now observed in barely two dozen nations of the world—is far more humane than any theory about it. It dismays me, moreover, that many of my fellow theologians have not awakened from their dogmatic slumbers when it comes to economics.

Take Gregory Baum, for example. In a recent issue of *The Ecumenist* (March-April 1979) he writes: "Since 1971, the Canadian churches, including Anglican, United, Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic, have become critics of the present economic system in a series of public briefs and declarations. They have accused capitalism of widening the gap between the rich and the poor, especially between rich and poor nations, and of granting access to natural resources and responsibility for production to fewer and fewer men. The Canadian churches have submitted briefs to the government and made pastoral statements dealing with issues such as Northern development, immigration, food policy, Canadian investment in South Africa and Chile, and admission of refugees from Chile and Argentina."

This is not an intellectually impressive list of statements; it does not appear to be substantively serious, nor does it carry much theological weight. For several generations, the Roman Catholic Church has taken a dim view of capitalism indeed, regarding it from faraway Italy as a Northern heresy, Protestant, individualistic, materialistic, and based upon "Manchester liberalism."

Mr. Novak is a resident scholar of the American Enterprise Institute, on leave from Syracuse University. His books include The Guns of Lattimer, The Joy of Sports, *and* The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics.

As the Roman Church criticized capitalism, so for a very long period did it condemn liberalism, democracy, and even religious liberty as practiced in North America. Since Vatican II, the Church has made considerable doctrinal progress in its official appraisal of religious liberty, democratic institutions, and certain cardinal liberal values like tolerance and due process. There is no reason to suppose that, once it attempts to understand contemporary democratic-capitalist economics, it will not make analogous progress in its economic doctrine. No one can deny that the Roman Catholic Church, like the member churches of the World Council of Churches, has been less highly developed in economic doctrine than in any other major area of its life. The theology of economics is not yet sufficiently substantive to rank even as dismal. On what grounds, then, are we to look to "the Canadian churches" for sudden bursts of economic intelligence?

The Wealth of Nations

Consider Baum's second sentence. *Has* capitalism, in fact, widened the gap between rich and poor nations? Since the originality of capitalism among all economic systems ever experienced in Christian history is that it alone offers a theory, vividly proven in practice, of increasing "the wealth of nations" (not the wealth of individuals merely, nor the wealth of Great Britain merely, but of all nations), one would hope, expect, and predict that it would indeed widen the gap between rich and poor nations. There are two reasons. First, capitalism is a system *designed* to produce greater wealth, and those nations that follow its theory—Hong Kong, Malaysia, Taiwan, and a relatively few others come to mind—may expect to grow richer than they were, or than their neighbors remain. That is the whole point of the theory.

The second reason is more abstract. So greatly did the more modern nations advance in wealth, by following this theory, that it is almost mathematically impossible for nations coming later to modernization to catch up with them. Consider some examples. Although it seems true that South America possesses natural wealth at least as great as that of North America, it has not had in its culture, its politics, or its economic practices the same productive strengths as those of the peoples that earlier developed North America. Thus, though *circa* 1850 several Latin American nations were wealthier than several nations of Northern Europe, the former have failed to develop modern techniques, attitudes, and institutions. Such development exacts a price but also yields rewards, as North America has discovered. One must choose. Choices have economic results. Moreover, once those economic results begin to register, they do so not merely by small increments but by multiplication. The gap between nations that follow capitalist wisdom and nations that don't becomes wider and wider.

Suppose that the gross national product of the present-day U.S. were to increase by only 3 per cent a year. Historically, this would still represent a revolutionary capability, in comparison with the relatively static societies before the emergence of democratic capitalism. But the gross national product of nations like India after 1945 began on such a low base that even if their growth rates were now to reach a spectacular 5 per cent or even 10 per cent a year, the distance between their GNP and that of the U.S. would be wider in absolute terms after ten or twenty years than at the start of the comparison.

To be sure, technologies and techniques invented elsewhere would not

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have to be invented from scratch; they could be imported. Thus, the development of nations that began to modernize only recently need not be so slow as that of nations which experienced an economic-industrial revolution over the span of the several generations from 1790 to 1940. But the gap would remain very wide. Worldwide equality, even if it were desirable, is not remotely possible in the foreseeable future; it is sheer illusion to believe otherwise. To blame capitalism for *that* is to forget that its theory (in a primitive version) has been available to all since Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* appeared in 1776. That theory, now far more complex, still works; in every part of the world, some nations follow it.

'The System'

In 1790, the United States and Canada were underdeveloped nations. Indeed, as I watched the Bicentennial parades in several little towns in Iowa in 1976, towns just barely one hundred years old, I saw with my own eyes the primitive wooden wagons, the implements and technologies of those early "underdeveloped" territories. What made them prosper—in material ways but also in education, liberties, and opportunities, in the life of the arts, and in tolerance and other goods of the human spirit—was not the natural wealth of the land alone but also the human genius of "the system," the most liberating that any Christian people has ever experienced in two thousand years democratic capitalism. The poor and homeless of the world, millions of families, have migrated into this system at risk of their lives and are its grateful beneficiaries. It is right that they honor it—and add new dimensions to it.

It is sometimes said, by socialist theologians, that 6 per cent of the world's population uses 40 per cent of the world's energy, or 40 per cent of the world's resources. It is not so often noted that this same 6 per cent *produces* 60 to 70 per cent of the world's energy and resources. Obviously, this foolish claim—trumpeted recently by some U.S. Catholic bishops—refers not to the energy of wind, sun, water, oxen, horses, and the human back. Until about a century ago, those were the only usable forms of energy. Modern forms of energy—oil, electricity, nuclear power—were only recently discovered, harnessed, and put to work: through the inventiveness of democratic capitalism. In accord with that system's worldwide moral imperative—to increase "the wealth of nations"—these new resources have been exported everywhere.

Most of the things we today call "resources" were unknown a hundred years ago or, if known, not known to have practical utility. A secular, pragmatic, dynamic culture has many flaws; it is riddled with sin (original and up-to-date) and is certainly not the kingdom of heaven. But one thing it is good at is discovering, inventing, and putting to use unprecedented resources. Those humble things that will count as "resources" a century from now have not yet been discovered, just as those we now use were not known a century ago. (I know a man who is running five automobiles and two buses on hydrogen power, who tells me that there is more energy in a gallon of sea water than in a gallon of crude oil.)

It is difficult for me to understand why theologians for over a hundred years have loathed the democratic-capitalist system and hungered for socialism. Socialism is nothing if it is not a centrally controlled state apparatus with total power over economic decisions, so as to enforce the national plans of cadres of experts. In its very conception, socialism is authoritarian. It is also biased toward the interests of experts and intellectuals. As for those who describe forms of socialism never seen in practice—like the "communitarian, democratic socialism" of which Michael Harrington poetically writes—only a little reflection is needed to show how empty, in practice, such a conception must be.

Open and Closed

One would think that theologians—especially liberal theologians, who desire "an open church"—would oppose a closed, authoritarian, state-controlled economic system. But, no, the same theologians who "opened" the church now desire to build an authoritarian economic system. No doubt, they imagine themselves as new eminences at the side of the socialist bureaucrats, instructing them how to use their coercive power for benign purposes. First they will give the poor nations bread, then liberty. The Grand Inquisitors still live. One is dismayed to see the Canadian churches, according to Gregory Baum, among them. □

"Someday, my son, all this will be that."

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Books Arts & Manners

Know Thy Enemy

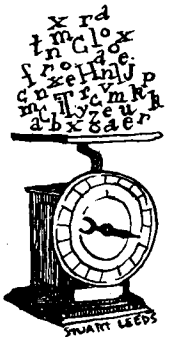
The Soviet Strategy for Nuclear War
By Joseph D. Douglass Jr. and Amoretta M. Hoeber
Hoover, 138 pp., $5.95

S. T. COHEN

"However absorbed a commander may be in the elaboration of his own thoughts, it is necessary sometimes to take the enemy into consideration." So Winston Churchill once wrote. In the mid-1960s, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States, Lyndon B. Johnson, and his senior military advisors paid practically no attention to the real nature of the enemy in Southeast Asia, and committed the United States to a conflict it was not prepared to fight and which, over an agonizing decade, it lost. One of the reasons why we lost was our refusal to carry the war to North Vietnam whole-heartedly, both on the ground and in the air, even though North Vietnam had instigated and was running the war in the South. And the reason we hung back was a deep-seated fear, bordering on conviction, that a full-scale invasion of the North held unacceptable risks of bringing in the Chinese and the Russians and the possibility of escalation to nuclear war. This not only was "unthinkable" in terms of U.S. policy, but it was a kind of war that the U.S. held to be "unfightable" and therefore was not prepared to fight. This remains the case today.

If one reviews the history of SALT and the underlying policy on the U.S. side of the negotiations, it becomes obvious that the possibility of an actual strategic nuclear war and its war-fighting never has been considered seriously. Plainly, as the U.S. and its Commanders-in-Chief have regarded this possibility, it is an impossibility; and since it can't happen, there is no real enemy. Our current President, for example, has argued in the strongest terms that the survival of but *one* Poseidon nuclear missile submarine would suffice as deterrent to any possible Soviet attack on the United States. Whatever the Soviet strategy for nuclear war might be, this very minimum level of retaliation, our President clearly believes, would be enough to prevent its implementation.

But President Carter, in defending SALT II, has not told us anything about Soviet nuclear strategy. Nor, for that matter, did President Nixon, in selling SALT I. That this dereliction might be accounted for by political necessities, one can understand. Still one may fairly wonder whether our Commanders-in-Chief were at all familiar with the actual Soviet strategy when committing our country to SALT; for a realistic examination of this strategy shows it to be enormously at variance with that of the United States. And to all Americans who are pondering wha SALT II means for their security, this should be an extremely disturbing fact.



If U.S. Presidents have been loath to discuss Soviet nuclear strategy openly, this has not been true of two U.S. scholars who, for some years, have made this subject a professional obsession. In the book reviewed here, Douglass and Hoeber provide an exhaustive description of the Soviets' view of their own nuclear strategy—which turns out to be almost the opposite of the account of it given by the U.S. political leadership. One discovers that, for well over a decade, Soviet military strategists at the highest levels have been formulating basic doctrinal tenets having to do with the initiation and actual conduct of thermonuclear war with the United States. Far from finding it "unthinkable," they have plumbed the nature of such war, the weapons required for its conduct, the defensive means required to ensure the survival of the USSR—all this under the aegis of the cardinal Soviet doctrinal tenet, *victory*. They mince no words in explaining where they stand on this grisly issue:

> The Soviet government . . . and [its] armed forces must be ready primarily for a world war . . . the Armed Forces of the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries must be prepared above all to wage war under conditions of the mass use of nuclear weapons by both belligerent parties . . . the preparation and waging of just such a war must be regarded as the main task of the theory of military strategy and strategic leadership.
>
> Mass nuclear missile strikes at the armed forces of the opponent and his key economic and political objectives can determine the victory of one side and the defeat of the other at the very beginning of the war. Therefore, a correct estimate of the elements of the supremacy over the opponent and the ability to use them before the opponent does are the key to victory in such a war.
>
> To ensure the viability of a nation's economy during a nuclear missile war, the political leaders must implement a number of special measures in advance. They include duplication, dispersal, and conceal-

S. T. Cohen *is a nuclear physicist who was a member of the negotiating team for the SALT I treaty. . . .* **Denis Warner** *is a correspondent for the London* Daily Telegraph *and the author of* How Hanoi Won the War.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: Volume V of *The Letters of Virginia Woolf: 1932-1935* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95), edited by Nigel Nicolson, will soon be off press. . . . Diane Rothbard Margolis, a sociologist, argues in *The Managers: Corporate Life in America* (Morrow, $10.95) that that apathetic, uninvolved, asocial, and apolitical zombie the Executive is deliberately lobotomized by his own corporate managers. . . . Georges Simenon has a new Maigret mystery coming out, called *Maigret and the Toy Village* (Harcourt Brace, $7.95). Actually, the book first appeared in 1944, and is new only to English-speaking readers. . . . Jack Lindsay's *William Morris: His Life and Work* (Taplinger, $14.95) looks interesting enough, but it certainly enters upon a crowded field.

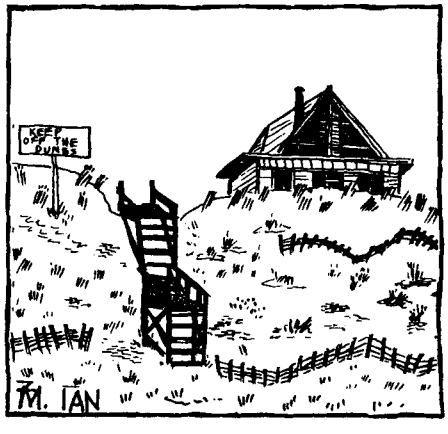
Adult Illiteracy in the United States: A Report to the Ford Foundation (McGraw-Hill, $10.95), by Carman St. John Hunter with David Harman, is a snore. If you can read at all, read something else. . . . Richard Hughes and Robert Brewin, in *The Tranquilizing of America: Pill Popping and the American Way of Life* (Harcourt Brace, $11.95), deplore the supposed overprescription of drugs by American doctors and the friendly relationship between the FDA and the drug industry. Drugs, it seems, are bad for you, and ought to be better controlled . . . No, wait a second, let us explain, not *those* drugs! . . . Edward Hoagland, that peripatetic journalist, has now been to the Sudan, which he describes in *African Calliope: A Journal to the Sudan* (Random House, $10).

■ ONE FROM OCTOBER: The thesis of *Freud: Biologist of the Mind* (Basic, $20), by Frank J. Sulloway, is that Freud replaced a physiological understanding of the human mind with an evolutionary one, and should actually be considered an early harbinger of sociology.

ment of important economic installations, as well as the establishment of an effective anti-aircraft and anti-missile defense system.

Civil defense is becoming a strategic factor which exercises a significant determining influence on the course and outcome of a modern war as well as the postwar restoration of the economy. In close coordination with the Soviet Armed Forces, the mission of civil defense is to protect the nation's strategic rear areas, to reduce to a minimum human and resource losses, thus making a major contribution toward victory over the aggressor.

There is a profound error and harm in the disorienting claims of the bourgeois ideologues that there will be no victor in a thermonuclear war. The peoples of the world will put an end to imperialism, which is causing mankind incalculable suffering.



At the very end of the book, the authors arrive at the crux of the U.S.-USSR thermonuclear question—the possibility of a future world war beginning with a surprise nuclear attack against the United States. A renowned strategist, the late Bernard Brodie, is quoted as saying that this possibility is not "worth spending much money on."

Several years ago, at a nuclear weapons discussion at Los Alamos, I heard Brodie make the same observation. Afterward, I cornered him and asked: Why? His answer was very brief, extremely brief: "Human beings don't act that way." I did not persist.

Now, by no means did Brodie hold to the view that the Soviets were reluctant to use nuclear weapons; and he had spoken scathingly of any U.S. policy which holds that the Soviets will not make first use of these weapons. But what he could not get himself to do was imagine their use *before* a familiar conventional war already was under way. That the Soviet doctrine makes it explicitly clear that the political objectives of the State may be best served by implementing a surprise attack strategy, Brodie would allow to refer only to conventional, not to nuclear means. The Soviets would have to be redefined as something other than human were they really serious about such a strategy, and about fighting what part of the war remained to be fought after the attack. And this is what the Douglass-Hoeber book is all about, for it provides in great detail and depth an understanding of what kind of human beings the Soviets are when they think about strategic nuclear war.

In the Foreword, Eugene Rostow states: "Our problem is one of understanding and then of will. The Douglass-Hoeber study will help immeasurably in achieving understanding." Yes, it will help immeasurably. And those who desire such understanding should spend the time and effort to read through it. It is a short book—only about a hundred pages—but not an easy one. It is a rather scholarly work, and its message is somber and unsettling; there is no happy ending. On the contrary, in the final paragraph the reader is left to ponder the following conclusion:

> Therefore, although an attack out of the blue is often regarded in the United States as a "worst case" fantasy and not "worth spending much money on" and although it may be impossible—by definition—to conclusively support the idea that anyone, including the Soviets, would deliberately start a global nuclear war, the converse, i.e., that they *would not* strike first, is extremely difficult to consider valid in the absence of enormous change in the foundation of their underlying military thought—laws, principles, tactics, strategy, and doctrine. □

Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia
By William Shawcross
Simon & Schuster, 467 pp., $13.95

TREATISE ON GUILT

DENIS WARNER

William Shawcross' *Sideshow* is not a history. Although it is buttressed by voluminous classified documents released under the Freedom of Information Act, it is a highly partisan reconstruction of the war in Cambodia and an exercise in character assassination; the author's bias is apparent on nearly every page. That the Cambodian "sideshow" reflected a disastrous failure of American policy and military effort is demonstrable, but that is not the burden of Mr. Shawcross' argument. His

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aim is to show that Nixon and Kissinger caused the catastrophe that has now so tragically engulfed the Cambodian people; and the evidence that might qualify this conclusion is conveniently put aside, or touched on so lightly as not to be obvious to the general reader.

His view is that, as soon as the U.S. abandoned hope of winning the war in Vietnam, it should, so far from making an effort to give that unhappy country a chance to survive under non-Communist rule, have withdrawn completely and with all haste. In fairness to the reader, I must state that I, too, am partisan, and that I held at the time, and still hold, an entirely contrary view: that the United States, as the leader of the Free World, had a very deep continuing moral responsibility to the Vietnamese people to provide all assistance short of actual ground intervention to meet the external threats to their security posed by the massive regular forces of North Vietnam. One of these threats came from the Cambodian sanctuaries. Since Mr. Shawcross dismisses in two paragraphs the significance of the sanctuaries and the immense stockpile of supplies that began to be amassed there as early as 1966, I venture this brief amplification and corrective.

The sanctuaries were vital to the Tet offensive of 1968. Through an arrangement worked out between Chou En-lai and Prince Norodom Sihanouk in 1966, Peking supplied the Cambodian army and the North Vietnamese and Vietcong forces operating in the southern provinces of South Vietnam with almost all of their munitions and other military matériel. Most of the supplies came through the port of Sihanoukville into the Royal Cambodian Army's storage depots outside Phnompenh. There the consignments intended for the Vietnamese—by far the larger proportion—were picked up by a trucking company operated by Hak Ly, a Vietnamese-born Chinese who had close relations with the Chinese embassy in Phnompenh. Hak Ly was the middle-man. He ran the supplies south along the Bassac River and across the Mekong by ferry at points close to the Vietnamese border. The North Vietnamese then took delivery and carted off the supplies to their own depots, or to their forces in the field.

After the Tet offensive, the North Vietnamese encroached more deeply into Cambodian territory than their agreement with Phnompenh permitted. Lon Nol, in the hope of applying some pressure that might lead to their withdrawal, not only rationed their military supplies but published the text of his monthly report to Sihanouk on the whereabouts and numbers of Vietnamese forces in Cambodia.

Having thus disposed of the fiction that the North Vietnamese were not making extensive use of Cambodian territory, Lon Nol flew to Peking for a meeting with the North Vietnamese and representatives of the National Liberation Front. The Chinese acted as mediators. They agreed that the North Vietnamese should eventually abandon their bases in Cambodia, but they also argued that winning the war in South Vietnam should have top priority, and that the American bombing of the sanctuaries, which had begun in March, had increased the need for resupply. In November of 1969, the Hak Ly Trucking Company resumed round-the-clock operations from Phnompenh to catch up with the delivery of military supplies to the North Vietnamese.

In March and April of 1970, I checked not only in Phnompenh but at the river crossings to discover how many trucks had been making the run.

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An Englishman lived with his wife and family immediately opposite the ferry port at Kompong Cham. He had seen up to twenty of Hak Ly's trucks waiting to cross the Mekong. At Neak Luong, the commander of the Cambodian infantry battalion guarding the crossing said that up to sixty of Hak Ly's trucks passed by at night. "A hundred trucks were going out with rice for Charlie," I was told by Eu Ly In, chairman of the economic committee of the National Assembly. "Fifty trucks at a time made the military run."

The result, as aerial photographs in Saigon confirmed, was that there were close to 400,000 tons of military supplies tucked away in the sanctuaries from the Parrot's Beak north to the Laotian border. Moreover, COSVN, which had been penetrated by the CIA, had its mobile headquarters somewhere in the sanctuaries. These were the facts that led to the bombing, unsuccessful though it was, and to the even less successful U.S.-South Vietnamese incursion, or invasion, call it what you will. Where Mr. Shawcross damns U.S. military failure he is on sure ground; but guilt, not failure, is what his book is about.

Prince Norodom Sihanouk complains to Mr. Shawcross that although in 1968 (during the period when the North Vietnamese were encroaching deeply into Cambodian territory) he had told Chester Bowles, *en passant*, that the United States could bomb the sanctuaries, no mention had been made of B-52s. Now, Bowles is no military expert. Once Sihanouk approved of the bombing, it was surely obvious that the U.S. Air Force, not to mention General Creighton Abrams, would elect to use their most effective bomber—which happened to be the B-52.

To infer, as Mr. Shawcross does, that the maladroit U.S. and South Vietnamese performance in Cambodia led to the rise of the Khmer Rouge and that Cambodia might have been spared the genocide of the Pol Pot regime if only Nixon and Kissinger had kept their hands off is a monstrous perversion of history. I watched the war come across the parched plains of eastern Cambodia, ever closer to Kompong Cham and Phnompenh, long before the Americans invaded. Lon Nol and his parade-ground forces would not have lasted two months without the American intervention. Pol Pot would simply have had a much earlier chance to begin the genocide on a mass scale.

From the outset, killing was the discipline of the Khmer Rouge, and it remains so to this day. Shawcross' newspaper friends in Phnompenh who scoffed at the suggestion were merely showing their ignorance.

If *Sideshow* had been regarded as just another of the Indochina books and vanished without a trace, none of this would matter very much. But it is being accepted around the world as a classic, and, most lamentably, it will help, in the minds of an immense readership, to transfer the responsibility for the crimes that have led to the most tragic refugee situation of modern times from the actual guilty men to Nixon and Kissinger. Instead of providing enlightenment, Mr. Shawcross thickens the murk.

It is a matter of little consequence (other than as a reflection on the competence of his research) that Shawcross fails sometimes even to get minor facts straight. He mentions the Vietnamese, Taiwanese, and Korean tugboat crews who ran the Mekong to Phnompenh in the closing days of the war. They were, in fact, nearly all Filipinos. □

HEROES

THE FEAST OF ST. GILBERT

M. JOSEPH SOBRAN

"Thy life's a miracle," Shakespeare's Edgar tells his despairing father. The line might serve as G. K. Chesterton's credo. Earlier this year I went to Toronto for a meeting of the Chesterton Society, presided over by Father Ian Boyd, who also edits *The Chesterton Review*. The meeting itself was a bit of a miracle.

People came from as far off as Alberta and England. One of the speakers was Russell Kirk. In the audience sitting a row ahead of me at one point was another familiar-looking figure whom I couldn't place. The tiny tape recorder he held up to record the speech should have jostled the right association; but I didn't realize who he was until another speaker nodded politely to him and spoke of "Professor McLuhan." Kirk and McLuhan aren't usually spoken of in the same breath, but in Chesterton they are united.

Chesterton today is less known than known about. He used to be known as the forelegs of the Chesterbelloc, Bernard Shaw's comic beast, defender of the Catholic faith. The Church he championed has been assumed, since Vatican II, to be under new management. He is also known as the creator of Father Brown, one of those quaint English detectives who proliferated in the Age of Holmes. More recently he has been held in suspicion as an anti-semite, though his marginal criticisms of Jews were not unmixed with sympathy. (He never confused fault-finding with hurting, and he lashed out at Hitler very early.)

Worst of all, he is assumed to be merely quaint. He crusaded not only for Catholicism but for Distributivism, which some mistake for a mere medieval restoration. It was not that; as Father Boyd points out in his brilliant book on Chesterton's fictions, he thought it was dangerous folly to try to bring the Middle Ages back. (He was, after all, an ardent admirer of the French Revolution.) But he thought the medieval form of propertied liberty was valuable as an ordering ideal. Genuine ideals are timeless, and Chesterton was without a trace of what C. S. Lewis called "chronological snobbery."

He had no other snobbery in him either. He wrote for all occasions, however trifling, with generous humor, in the ephemeral form of the newspaper essay and the old-fashioned forms of allegory, light fiction, and rhymed stanzas. All evidence suggests that he had little care for his literary reputation. His enthusiasms were almost embarrassingly promiscuous, high and low together, like My Last Duchess' smiles: Shakespeare and Conan Doyle, Blake and Dickens, Henry James and R. L. Stevenson. Nor did he segregate cate-

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gories according to the modern custom: all his concerns, personal, political, religious, are buoyantly present in his literary criticism. He was the most topical of geniuses.

But for that reason the task of reconstructing his milieu is enormous. Only a few of his books remain in print, and gathering his journalistic writings and letters is a feat for Hercules. Unfashionable enough in his own day, he dwelt among people even more eccentric and certainly crankier than himself, an enclave against modernity. The Chesterton Society, largely through the *Review*, is piecing the picture together. Despite some inevitable pedantry, it is on the whole a refreshing enterprise.

IT IS A COMMONPLACE that history is written by the victors. Most modern people have taken a progressive view for the simple and unconscious reason that the historical process, for all its faults, has culminated in themselves. Chesterton was shrewd enough to see the narrowness of such progressivism, and through hindsight we can see it too. It is easy, of course, to feel smugly superior to a man who felt transitory approval for Mussolini; even if we might better consider how Mussolini must have looked in 1930, if so humane a man as Chesterton could approve of him. What is more startling is that Chesterton, who inveighed against the "science" of eugenics (soon to become an applied science), foresaw its disastrous consequences. In this, writes Margaret Canovan, Chesterton stood outside the mainstream of what then passed for enlightened liberalism. (Oliver Wendell Holmes supported mandatory sterilization, Harry Jaffa reminds me.) His defense of the poor was rooted in a defense of the family and of liberty against those state planners who pined for population refinement. It is not hard to see the likeness to those enlightened souls who think the state should now promote contraception and abortion among the poor. Once you understand his *topoi*, Chesterton's topicality turns out to have surprising pertinence. *The Chesterton Review* is thus keeping alive what has become a fugitive tradition of social criticism. It reminds us that we who are alive today are the lucky survivors of Nazism and related evils; those of the next generation will be the lucky survivors of abortion "reform."

Impossible to pin down, Chesterton is a living challenge to today's reader as perhaps no other author of his time can still be. He drives out complacent urbanity with his own strange power, a kind of divine urbanity. He dares you to love life with a zest like his; and it is a supremely friendly dare.

At the meeting we got an unexpected taste of his presence. Father Boyd had two short tapes of Chesterton speaking publicly, shortly before his death in 1936. His voice was very British, with a halting and diffident joviality that was utterly disarming. ". . . In the confusion of the moment, I was taken for a man of letters." We laughed with the taped audience, in a transgenerational unanimity of mirth. "My first thought was to explain that I was not a man of letters, but a mere lecturer. But that would not do, for there were some present who had heard me lecture." More laughter across time. And more, for twenty sweet minutes.

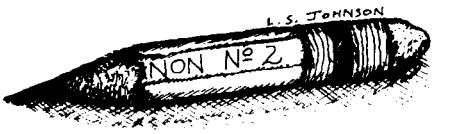
When the tape finally ended, it was as if the room were not only quieter but darker, and emptier. □

FILM

FROM PIGSKIN TO PIGSTY

JOHN SIMON

We glean a number of startling insights from *North Dallas Forty*. Professional football, it seems, is a rough and dirty game; the players are mostly stupid, lecherous louts, and the club owners, venal, hypocritical, utterly ruthless exploiters. A pro football player is in almost continuous pain from injuries, and pops pain-killers when not boozing or smoking pot; the management and the coaches treat the players as something midway between pieces of equipment and indentured serfs, and, while trying to induce in them greater maturity and team spirit, also see to it that they remain infantile, cowed, and easily manipulable. There is no real camaraderie, only fear of being benched, suspended, sacked; horseplay and orgies do not foster real comradeship. The life of a pro football player is nasty, brutish, and short.



This, alas, does not come as news even to me, though I know little about football and care less. The exploitation of these players would move me only if I could be shown that they are anything other than nasty, brutish, and tall, and that something fine in them was being subverted. And although the film makes a few feeble efforts to suggest such finer things in some of them, it does not convince me that most of them could be anything but lugs or thugs, or that the money, fame, adulation, and easy sex they get for their bone-breaking work is not the utmost they could conceive of and more than they expected. If one or two of them begin to think and question the system, as Phil Elliot (Nick Nolte) does, that impresses me no more than if a college student announces (as happens nowadays) that he has just discovered something called books.

North Dallas Forty is based on Peter Gent's autobiographical novel, which he adapted for the screen with the help of Ted Kotcheff, the director, and Frank Yablans, the producer. I am told that the book is much tougher and seamier than the script, but I doubt whether the book's greater seaminess is *ipso facto* more valuable than the film's greater seemliness. I am willing to concede that there remains some exposé value in the film; but what if the things exposed are predictable and unmomentous? The quasi-religious overtones—of the players as sacrificial victims; indeed of Christ and Judas figures—that some have perceived here strike me as unconvincing, unearned. As for the rather stilted love story between Phil and Charlotte, a wealthy divorcée, played by Dayle Haddon (a fashion model whose histrionic range extends from sulkiness to sullenness), it is tossed into the script rather like a wild pass into the bleachers.

There remain some good performances under Ted Kotcheff's otherwise routine direction. Nick Nolte is believable and at times almost touching as the

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protagonist who alienates the management as much by lack of team spirit as by messing around with one of the top brass's women. Unfortunately, the rebelliousness of the character, his real or potential threat, is so underdeveloped by the script that the harshness and injustice of his treatment makes the movie melodramatic, and so somewhat undercuts the actor's dignity. G. D. Spradlin is also fine as a martinet of a head coach—he may, we gather from a brief glimpse, even have a streak of perversion; he conveys wonderfully, at the end, that glimmer of shame that clouds his otherwise shining putrescence. Other actors, too, give a good account of themselves; but it does give one pause for thought when some of the real-life football players in supporting parts turn in work as good as that of the professional actors.

One last illustration of the film's muddledness. We are told, on the one hand, that the football player cannot quit because he has no other options; yet it is also implied that Phil, with Charlotte's help, could buy a farm and happily breed horses. What stops him is his alleged love of the game, his elation when he makes one of his great catches; but this is so unpersuasively filmed and counterweighted with so much misery that it fails to make credible his perseverance.

Confusion prevails also in *Why Not! (Pourquoi Pas!)*—even unto the punctuation of the title, where an exclamation point usurps the place of a question mark. The film, written and directed by young Coline Serreau (the daughter of Jean-Marie Serreau, the well-known avant-garde stage director), concerns the ups and downs of a *ménage à trois* as it evolves into a *ménage à quatre*. Fernand, a dropout from the business world, is a good housekeeper whom his wife seems to have left because of his bisexuality; Louis, in whose family madness rampages, plays in a band more for pleasure, it seems, than money; Alexa, a divorcée, seems to earn enough for the household just by reading the same novel over and over to a bedridden crone.

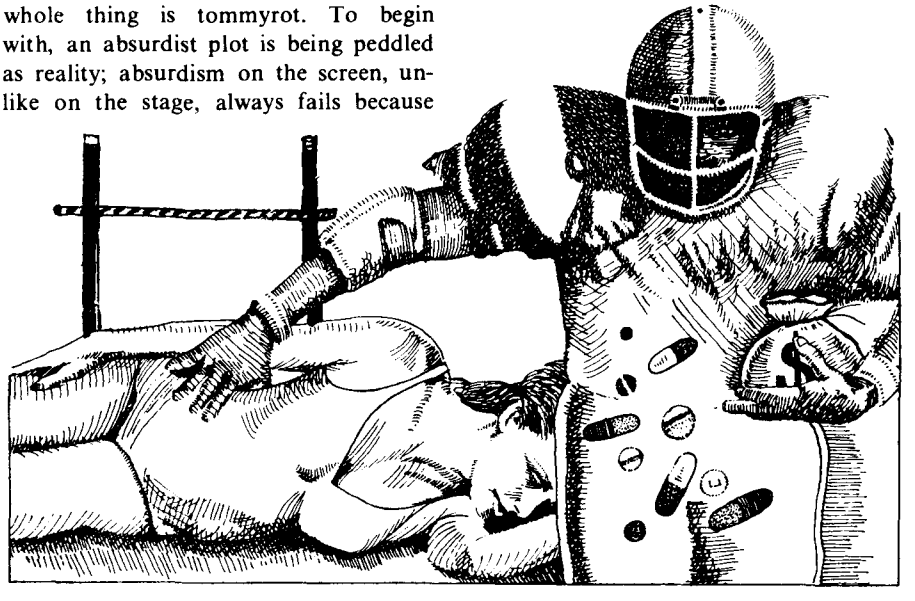
Unlikely; but you've heard nothing yet. Everyone beds everyone else in perfect serenity. An investigating police inspector is drawn ineluctably to this magically happy threesome. He also seems to be an idiot, which may explain his affinity for the heroic trio. All would be well if Fernand, smarting from his ex-wife's refusal to let him see his children, did not get involved with Sylvie, a flighty young woman. He absents himself for too long from the house he kept together; pretty soon Louis dismantles the malfunctioning vacuum cleaner into useless fragments, and Alexa starts going off on her own. The little suburban house has become a pigsty, though it did not have very far to go.

THE LANDLADY threatens eviction, but, the invalided crone having died, Alexa gets a job reading the same novel endlessly to the landlady. Fernand brings Sylvie back to the pad, and, for a while, a semblance of equilibrium returns. Sylvie's visiting mother even has a liberating fling with the police inspector. But everything threatens to fall apart when Sylvie discovers the other three enjoying a happy postcoital nap in the same bed, and realizes with a shock what a blind man or a cretin would have guessed long ago. Whereupon, to quote the publicity handout, she "packs her bags but at the last moment is unable to leave this home and relationships so filled with love and acceptance." This despite the fact that the landlady has irrevocably decided to sell the house, after all; that Louis has had an outburst of violent insanity; and that money, by now, is not forthcoming from anywhere.

Well, *pourquoi pas?* Because the whole thing is tommyrot. To begin with, an absurdist plot is being peddled as reality; absurdism on the screen, unlike on the stage, always fails because it clashes with the basic realism of the medium, the naturalistic scenery and objects. In this case, there is no way in which these people's untidy economics, to say nothing of their disheveled psychology, could keep them together and functioning for more than a few days. Finally, though Mlle. Serreau obviously views them as honest, charming, superior beings, the lunatic shenanigans of these creatures are most likely to elicit from us an antipathy verging on apathy.

I am willing to be convinced that unorthodox living arrangements can make us fulfilled if I am shown how they work, how they improve on traditional modes of being, and what makes them endure. But here all is arbitrariness and anomie, unbridledness and inconsistency—a pervasive emotional and spiritual slovenliness that, even on the film's own idealizing terms, does not obviate violent friction. And never has so much putative wit proved so profoundly witless.

Moreover, like *North Dallas Forty*, this supposedly daring film lacks ultimate nerve. The homosexual lovemaking is represented by no more than a motionless tableau of male figures embracing in bed, whereas the heterosexual couplings are allowed to churn and thrash away. There is something sad about a film that wants to provoke and startle without having the courage to offend anyone—particularly when, like Mlle. Serreau's immature claptrap, it still manages to be offensive. □



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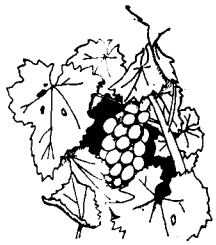
ART

HELL ON EARTH

RUTH BERENSON

For most of us, the words "Pacific Islands" conjure up visions of palm-fringed beaches and blue lagoons, with flower-wreathed youths and half-nude dusky maidens living off coconuts, their lives an unending idyll, at least until the white man came bringing the dubious gifts of civilization. Of course, the myth has often been punctured; neither Gauguin nor Robert Louis Stevenson managed to find Nirvana in Samoa, and the American soldiers who slogged through the jungles of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea during World War II encountered no lost paradise. Perhaps the magnificent exhibition "Art of the Pacific Islands," now at the National Gallery in Washington (to October 14), will deal it a final death blow, for it reveals a world that for centuries, both before and after the white man's coming, has been haunted by fears and nightmares, demons and malevolent spirits, and plagued by untamed natural forces that bring disaster in their wake and by tribal wars marked by head-hunting and cannibalism. Rather than an Eden, this brilliant show documents a hell on earth.

It consists of more than four hundred objects from Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and New Guinea, and it is the most comprehensive show ever devoted to this far-flung art. Private owners and museums from all over the world—from New Zealand and from Dresden, from Vienna and from Ipswich, Mass.—have contributed their holdings to it, so that for the first time scholars can study and compare pieces ordinarily separated by thousands of miles; it is hoped that this will deepen their admittedly still superficial understanding of Pacific art. As for the layman—which includes most of us—he will be stunned by the dramatic installation and the bewildering variety of the displays, some of them tiny, others colossal: wooden masks, ritual objects, jewelry, household ornaments, shields and weapons, clothing, including Hawaiian feathered capes of dazzling splendor.



The skills needed to fashion these objects, which were imbued with religious or ritual meaning, were honed over the course of centuries. Often craftsmen inherited them from ancestors who were revered as gods; if what they made deviated in the slightest from what tradition prescribed, not only they but their entire community might suffer dire consequences. Perhaps this threat was enough to account for the incredible formal refinement and execution of so many of the objects exhibited. Some are unbelievably complex in design, like the open-work canoe prows and the house boards carved in low relief by the Maori of New Zealand, fine as filigree; others, like the hook-formed *garra* made for an initiation ceremony as recently as 1967 by a tribesman from the Sepik region of Papua New Guinea, are as subtly simple as a modern abstraction. In a different vein, the detached arm from the Marquesas, incised with circular patterns that probably served as a model for tattooing, is strangely realistic. Interestingly, there is no proof that these skills deteriorated after the artists acquired steel tools to replace the ones of stone, shell, or animal tooth that they used before the white man came; rather the contrary: the new tools allowed them greater scope, and they took full advantage of it.

One can discern a certain homogeneity within the vast Polynesian area, which extends all the way from Easter Island to New Zealand, since the intrepid seamen who navigated these widely scattered islands and atolls, beginning in around 1300 B.C., all came from Indonesia. Thus the hook-nosed birdmen of Easter Island bear a family resemblance to the great carved wooden war god which a New England sea captain brought from Hawaii to Salem in 1846, and so does the Madonna made in 1840 by a Maori convert for a Catholic church in New Zealand.

No such relationships are detectable in Micronesia, Melanesia, or Papua New Guinea. Here, local traditions, beliefs, techniques, and even materials differed so sharply as to make each small place appear artistically unique. These craftsmen used turtle shells, mother of pearl, seeds, coconut fiber, palm leaves, feathers, and bark; their methods of carving varied from making shallow incisions criss-crossing a flat surface in an overall pattern to creating monumental votive figures and masks, some of them—especially those from New Ireland—radiating an aura of evil and malevolence.

The artists of the South Pacific seem to have been obsessed with the human eye; nobody knows the reason. But eyes are everywhere, drilled, carved, painted, woven; one is constantly aware of their haunting presence. One wonders—are they "the windows of the soul" of these gifted, but to us so mysterious and alien, South Sea Islanders? □

DELECTATIONS

PERGO: SUMMER 1979

NIKA HAZELTON

Our address—Pergo Montanare, Cortona (Arezzo)—is an imposing and artistic one. Cortona, our city, is an unimpeachably medieval town enclosed by Etruscan walls. It is built on a hillside, and in all of Cortona there is only one level street (some of the streets are even in the form of stairs). Our town museum has some very choice Etruscan relics (this being in the heart of old Etruria), and our diocesan museum has perhaps the loveliest of all of Fra Angelico's Annunciations. Signorelli was a local boy who achieved fame through his own painting and by teaching Michelangelo. In short, art is rampant in Cortona, even now: the University of Georgia holds art courses here each summer, with astonishing exhibits by the students. Ah those soft Georgia accents (to put it pleasantly), that you hear lazily floating through our up-and-down streets.

But this is Cortona, where the shops are, where there is city life, movies, and even theatricals in the summer, plus a gigantic binge in August dedicated to the eating of steaks. (Yes, steaks—which many people don't think of as Italian; but in fact famous cattle come from this region.)

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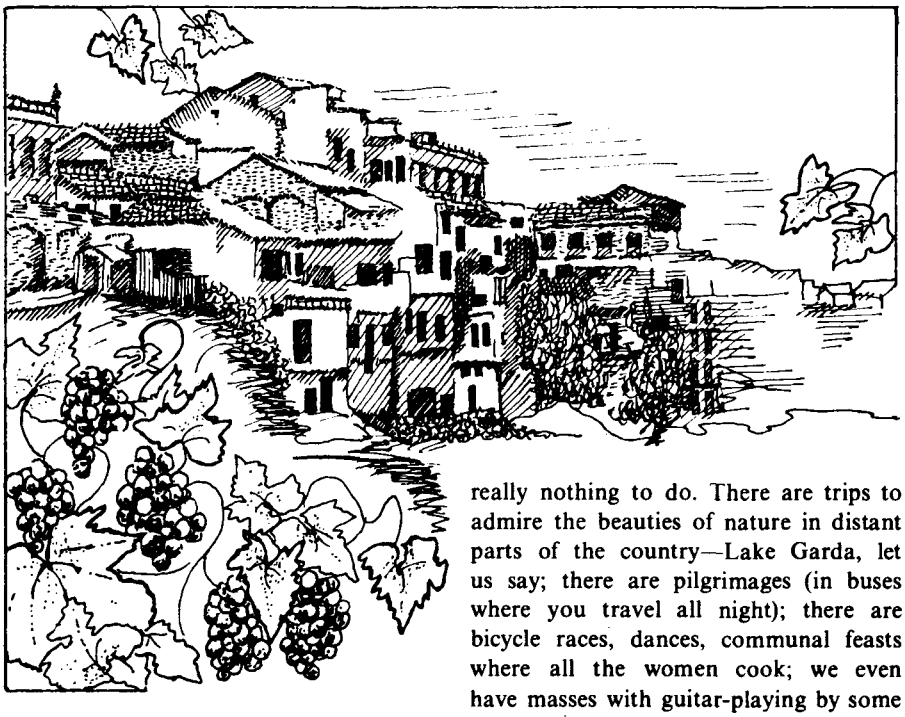

Our house, though, is far from Cortona's citified pursuits—not that we don't have our own village festivities. The village is scattered along a main road and climbs up the hillsides, the houses set amidst olive trees and grape vines. We are actually across the valley from the village, separated by some two miles of wheat and corn and alfalfa, with a poor little stream into which some people throw their garbage rather than depositing it in the can provided by the village. The village has two butchers, two general stores, and two cafés, well patronized by the local males until the small hours of the morning; the women stay at home by themselves or with relatives. However, they are anything but downtrodden; women's lib is not unknown, and even the *spose*, the matrons, wear sleeveless, décolleté dresses, while the girls are as smart and well-coiffed and well-turned-out as any in New York, or, better, Rome.

OUR VILLAGE PRIEST is well regarded, which is seldom true of priests in these parts, where many are dedicated Communists and all quite well-to-do. (When you ask if they are willing to part with their fields and houses and cars for the benefit of the community, our people answer that Italian Communism is not that sort.) But our priest does well in worldly matters too, organizing all sorts of serious and funny divertissements for a community where otherwise there is really nothing to do. There are trips to admire the beauties of nature in distant parts of the country—Lake Garda, let us say; there are pilgrimages (in buses where you travel all night); there are bicycle races, dances, communal feasts where all the women cook; we even have masses with guitar-playing by some of our girls, accompanied on the harmonium by a nun.

Few of the men go to Sunday mass, but they send their women and children —possibly on the assumption that one never knows. In August, Italy's major political parties hold their annual fêtes throughout the country, announcing them with much bunting and banners. The Communists' Festa dell'Unità is by far the most glamorous and elaborate one, and it costs a great deal to put on. Last year ours in the village lasted for almost a week—daily balls with live disco-style music and traditional bands, competitions, and rather good theatrical groups. The Christian Democrats' *festa* was not much, compared to the Red one.

As is typical for this whole region, our village is a mixture of the modern and the traditional. Modern are the household machines that the women now have—washing machines, stoves, blenders. Our caretaker's 22-year-old daughter, a skillful hairdresser, has just opened her own shop with equipment so well designed that Saks would be proud of it. She had to wait for this until her predecessor left to have a baby; Italian law is very specific about the number of hairdressers, plumbers, carpenters, masons, etc. a village is allowed to have, depending on the number of inhabitants. In Italy, you can't even add on to your house without official permission. But this girl, soon to be married, would not dream of leaving home, so her father added on to the family house to make quarters for herself and her shop. The family is still the important unit, at least in the country—the bond that really binds, first in all loyalties. This is not so in the big cities, where the generation gap is great. But even there the bond exists; I imagine one reason it is so hard to catch the terrorists and kidnappers is that they can always count on their families.

The papers and the radio are full of political crimes—which, however, never trouble the visitors to this country. But once you are out of Milan and Rome and the other big cities, life is very peaceful and very quiet, with remarkably few misdeeds. Our valley is full of well-to-do Americans and English who have done over the old farms, often in very handsome ways. They have never been robbed or harmed in any other way, nor has there ever been an unpleasant political incident in Cortona or any of our other towns. Whatever the politicians and terrorists do in the big cities, life in Pergo and Cortona is calm. □

The GIMLET EYE

HYPNOSIS

D. KEITH MANO

The Brain Wave Synchronizer bats an eye at me: spitting dull light out: three hundred yellow flecks per minute; less. I stare, relaxed to pure stagnation on the couch. One hundred eighty per. The machine ticks: an ice tray set in warm water. Shaped like some 1940s camera flash attachment. Slowing to one hundred twenty per. My vision is cajoled by it; and the mind's eye behind that. Sixty per now. It sings a da-dit song of running down; of letting the cat die beneath your swing. That animal who is killer/prey, night-nervous in my head.

"Deeper, deeper. Deep." Ted, the hypnotist, pushes me under: an oral drowning. His voice can entrance: suave, assured: a tone to persuade people off bridge rails with. I have been practicing relaxation for almost one month now: it's the most strenuous

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work I know. Earlier this evening Ted played his countdown tape: spoken above oleaginous Saint-Saens. "Relax your scalp . . . relax your chest . . . relax your right knee . . . Relaxation is so pleasurable, so easy." Not for me: I pull ligaments letting go. My body is a Third World nation in riot; my aptitude for stillness a too-small militia force. Subdue one oppugnant town, guerrilla resistance will congeal someplace else. Here I am at South Pelvis and, damn, cadres in Scalp City have mobilized another Putsch.

Hypnosis is self-hypnosis, Ted will tell me. So twice daily I rehearse: I focus on a trite ceiling crack. And inhale, lung-stiff, five times. Then plummet from fifty to one in lidded, slow darkness. I select a bathysphere for my symbolic transportation down: sea fauna inspect me: sound clanks through bullhorn strident water. Hypnosis, like accountancy, has a lot to do with numbering. And the trance condition is somehow induced by metaphors of descent. Zero, I guess, can mimic vacantness or inactivity: a hollow O-shaped vessel: fillable. Counting up would suggest effort, multitudes. At nothing, at ocean bed, I am supposed to affirm an idea: no smoking, no claustrophobia, more confidence, whatever. The presumption is that a mind at zero has few prior commitments and can be seeded: to flourish clandestinely: as potato eyes under your sink might do.

What will I affirm? I will affirm a wish—an ability—to sight-see in one of my previous lives. Why do I do that? Because a large-circulation magazine has paid me to. No past life, no money. Skepticism could be expensive here

And I *want* to be put under: I don't balk at it. People have tried to hypnotize me before. Argus would make a more compliant subject. I use chloroform and blackjacks just to sleep at night. It isn't, I think, the fear of a little death: death looks half-attractive: no column deadlines there. Rather, it's an unwillingness to cede rational control: *cogito* has been my sum. Now, though, as I age, such pride of thought seems less enticing. Insomnia has worked on my duodenum like paint stripper. Ted is a nice chap. I wouldn't mind letting someone else in the wheelhouse for a while.

BUT CAN I trust my reportage: *Am I hypnotized or am I trying to please poor Ted?* For this reason I have brought a control experiment along: my friend Laurie Kennedy, who will subject herself to the same mental calisthenics just one hour after I do. Laurie is a natural receptor: honest, intelligent, yet open: she can commit herself agilely to an experience. For which reason, in part, Laurie is one of the nine or ten most remarkable professional actresses from NORAD on south.

My brain is idling: the Synchronizer blurts its lowest frequency. I am relaxed as fog. Ted drones in his Svengali voice: "You know the number sequence 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. When I say, *Now*, you will have forgotten the middle number and you will repeat that sequence without it. *Now*." Ethical dilemma. I haven't forgotten 3. Ted has told me that a subject under hypnosis will be incapable of committing any immoral act. Question: Is it immoral to abridge the Arabic Numeral System? "5, 4, 2, 1," I say. Have I said that to encourage Ted: or because I *couldn't* say 5, 4, 3, 2, 1?

"Deeper. I will raise your left arm. When I say, *Now*, you will be unable to bend it. It will stay rigid as a steel girder. *Now*." The sensation is one of perplexity. Something, my cussed critical sense, tells me that I *can* flex my arm. Yet I don't. I prefer the illusion (fact?) of helplessness. But should I be thinking at all? Well, Ted has assured me that a subject is aware under hypnosis. Aware of what, though? "Good. You can let your arm drop." And my cranky ambivalence with it.

"Your left hand is numb. In a moment I'm going to pinch it. You will feel no pain." Yes, Ted. I am glazed over with relaxation. I have faith in him. Ted leans down.

"Hey!" The SOB gave me a good one: a third-degree tweeze. My skin is not ambivalent. My skin wants revenge.

"Well." Ted is a slit impatient with me. "One person in ten can't be hypnotized at all. And one person in ten is an ideal subject. Like Edgar Cayce: he was virtually a somnambulist. The rest fall somewhere in between. You. Uh, on a scale of six, I'd say you were a two." Thanks: another underachievement.

And one hour later my control experiment comes down the staircase.

"Did you count backward?" She nods. "Did you leave the number 3 out?"

"Yes."

"Because you'd forgotten it? Or because you didn't want to embarrass Ted?" Laurie is thoughtful.

"I guess I'm not sure."

"Well, did your arm stick out like a steel girder?"

"Yes."

"You *couldn't* flex it?"

"I didn't."

"Okay. How about the pinch? Did you feel the pinch?"

"What pinch?"

"What pinch? The one that made me see Roman candles go off."

"A pinch?"

"Never mind."

"On a scale of six he said I was a five."

"Shut up, Trilby. Just shut up."

(Next issue: My past lives.) □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ANYONE'S DAUGHTER, *The Times and Trials of Patty Hearst, by Shana Alexander (Viking, 562 pp., $14.95).* "It used to be that Merlin made the magic but the king made law. Today law *is* king, and Merlin has become a psychiatrist. . . . A trial staged at least in part to prove the System worked seemed to prove just the opposite. . . . When any one of us asks, Could this tragedy have happened to my daughter? the only answer is yes. Yes, it could." Shana Alexander, Everyone's Liberal on the "Point-Counterpoint" debate of *Sixty Minutes*, may not have been the most judicious person to weigh the pros and cons of this sensational trial, yet it is hard to imagine anyone telling the story and delving into the backgrounds of all concerned with more conscientious spirit,

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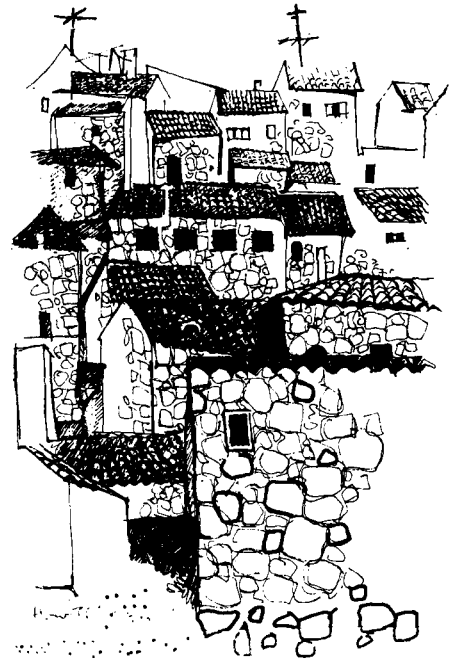
wit, and, yes, objectivity. She understands Patty because she has had a troubled daughter of her own. She understands rape because she has been raped. She uses her own private history to illuminate the public one. Her portrait of "the failed saint" Donald DeFreeze ("A psychopath is incapable of feeling guilt. Or love. He is deficient in anxiety") is brilliant and moving. Her portrait of the society mirrored in the trial will be read with fascinated horror a century hence—if our society finds the strength to change itself enough to survive. SELDEN RODMAN

THE STREETS WERE PAVED WITH GOLD, *by Ken Auletta (Random House, 345 pp., $12.95).* New York City's fiscal crisis was previously examined in book form by Jack Newfield's *The Abuse of Power,* an ideological broadside by an author who learned nothing from the city's profligacy. Auletta, a journalist known for his work in the *New York Daily News* and *New York* magazine, now provides an antidote to Newfield's sloppy and willfully stupid thinking, analyzing the budget sleights-of-hand, the election-year settlements with the municipal unions, and New York's well-meaning but horrendously expensive social projects. Auletta is excellent at this detailed work, but he does more, providing a general critique of what the Left has done to New York. He dubs the city "Liberalism's Vietnam," questions the efficacy of "democracy" in solving New York's crisis, and calls attention to the unpleasant fact that New York is not yet out of the morass. Waste and deficits still plague City Hall. Billions are needed to replace the five boroughs' capital infrastructure. Businesses continue to flee. Auletta's study is a bracing, truthful, and carefully researched book by a veteran urban observer. DAVID PIETRUSZA

BEYOND ABORTION, *by Charles Rice (Franciscan Herald Press, 159 pp., $8.95).* The widespread Weimarization of American Catholic law schools will surely foreclose the adoption of this superb, scholarly little book as required reading in every jurisprudence course taught there. Which is a shame, because Rice's polemic can serve as a model of manners as well as morals. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,* its erudition is truly lower-case catholic; it begins by borrowing from Orwell and ends with a flourish from Lenin. In between the deadpan description of "Merciful Release" afforded by the Geriatric Welfare Act of 1996 (obviously dated 12 years too late) and the closing injunction as to what is to be done (work for a pro-life amendment and pray to the Mother of God), the author concentrates on roots rather than fruits and, as the subtitle ("The Theory and Practice of the Secular State") suggests, probes the abortion plague to its origins in the positivism and secularism propounded by Hans Kelsen and Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. In sum, here is the best book on the topic since the late Ben Palmer rattled the liberal china cabinet with *Hobbes, Holmes, and Hitler.* GERALD T. DUNNE

MY WORKS AND DAYS: *A Personal Chronicle, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt Brace, 545 pp., $13.95).* It is always a pleasure to follow the workings of a first-rate mind, even when some of the ideas it comes up with are distinctly second-rate. And Lewis Mumford is without doubt one of twentieth century America's premier intellects, although he occasionally embarrasses the reader with dotty equations such as "Nazism and Stalinism and Nixonism, as one may now call the corresponding American mode . . ." In *My*



Works and Days Mr. Mumford has collected a long lifetime of impressions, experiences, and random but usually fairly well organized tidbits, always fluent and often convincing. Perhaps the soundest thing about Mr. Mumford is his ability to smell out scoundrels a bit earlier than many of his liberal humanist confrères. Thus, in a 1938 letter to Waldo Frank we find him saying: "I do not listen to the Trotskyites, for their speech bears the same accent as their Stalinist enemies. But I believe my eyes and I was frankly horrified by the architectural exhibition that the USSR has been showing in Detroit. Nothing that Trotsky could say against Stalin's regime is half as eloquent as the self-confession of this architecture: the same bastard classicism that the financiers and imperialists of Nineteen Hundred in America conjured up as emblem of their power. Only one thing was more sickening than these dead forms: the dishonest apologetics that accompanied them. The whole show stank; alongside it, Napoleonism, coming in the wake of the French Revolution, had a noble vitality. My nightmare now . . . is that Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy may form a bloc. Perhaps the chief obstacle to this, the only thing we can count on, is Hitler's invincible, demonically inflated irrationality. A pleasant thought. . . ." Quite. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

THE EIGHTH DAY OF CREATION: *Makers of the Revolution in Biology, by Horace Freeland Judson (Simon & Schuster, 686 pp., $15.95).* I can hardly imagine a more readable account than this of the so-called "revolution in biology" that began in 1953 with the Watson-Crick discovery of the double-helical structure of DNA, the fundamental genetic molecule of life. We see how this momentous event triggered the tremendous surge of intellectual inquiry that resulted in the discovery of RNA (the genetic messenger molecule) and the breaking of the genetic code which directs the manufacture of amino acids, the ingredients of protein that are needed for life. A full two-thirds of this highly detailed, yet surprisingly exciting, text is devoted to the unraveling of these most fundamental secrets of life. The final third of the book focuses on hemoglobin, the protein that carries oxygen from the lungs to the tissues and returns carbon dioxide to the lungs. Certainly, with a subject as complex as this, knowledge of the fundamentals of biology is necessary. But one's knowledge need not be very extensive, because Judson has constructed a book which is filled with personalities, bringing a human side to these important events. This is achieved through the use of interviews in which scientists talk about themselves, their colleagues, and the events (as they remember them) that led to the discoveries. At the same time, technical information comes to the reader gently. Judson feels quite free to translate information, which otherwise might be meaningless, into layman's terms. We are aided also by the fact that Judson, although well-schooled in science, is not a scientist. He asks the experts questions that are fundamental to our understanding the meaning of the discoveries. We feel comfortable with his naïveté, and we feel encouraged by his growth in understanding the subject, as we ourselves grow. We discover the importance of competition as a catalyst for discovery. We learn to think of scientific discovery in terms of artistic achievement. We see the creative nature of scientific inquiry, and we watch the people involved being whipped up by the creative energy that surrounds them as the revolution sweeps them along. THOMAS BRIDGES

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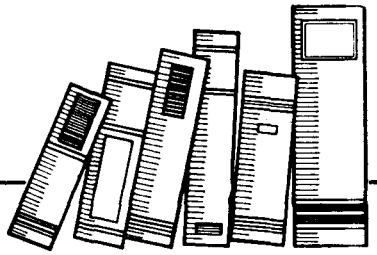

Dark Horses

THE ECONOMIC wise men of the Federal Government are telling us we must be brave and take our medicine: to stop the ravages of inflation, we'll have to swallow down a bitter dosage of recession.

Not so, according to Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) in *An American Renaissance* (Harper & Row, $8.95) The "Phillips Curve" analysis, assuming a trade-off between inflation and unemployment, has been discredited by events Inflation and recession, Kemp demonstrates, aren't cures for one another, but twin afflictions stemming from a common source: excessive government intervention in the economy.

On the recession side, Kemp says, the real difficulty is not to stimulate demand, but to encourage supply. Economic growth depends on effective use of resources to obtain increased production. Kill off incentives to produce through heavy taxes on capital and personal income, costly regulation, and interference with the market pricing system, and productive efficiency is going to decline (*vide* the current state of the Chrysler Corporation). That spells recession.

Far from being a remedy for such ills inflation generally makes them worse As it spreads through the economy people are pushed into nominally higher income brackets without a corresponding gain in purchasing power This makes their tax burden even bigger and imposes further disincentives to production. A final twist is added when a declining level of production meets a rising tide of monetary expansion. Since prices are a ratio between the money supply and the quantity of goods and services, declining productivity is easily combined with a rapid upward push on consumer prices.

The cure for all these woes, says Kemp, is to cut back personal and business taxes, index to reduce the impact of our steeply progressive marginal tax rates, return to a modified gold standard to halt debasement of the currency and roll back the thicket of regulations that stifle our ability to produce. He recommends a program to export these notions to the world at large, together with some other sound ideas for shoring up our global posture. All in all, a timely and provocative book that confirms the author's status as the leading Republican spokesman on economic issues.

Similar terrain is traversed in *Tariffs, Quotas, and Trade*, featuring contributions from 19 professional economists and published by the Institute for Contemporary Studies (Suite 811, 260 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111; $6.95). For the most part, the book restates in convincing fashion the classic case for free international trade and against protectionism.

THE ESSENCE of the argument, of course, is economic specialization, permitting producers in various countries to focus their efforts where they are most efficient and productive, permitting lower costs and higher consumer satisfaction all around. Along the way to making this point, the authors review such salient issues as multinational corporations (not the ogres they are usually painted), agricultural productivity (America's long suit in the global economic competition), and OPEC's petrodollars (not, in fact, a threat to our financial stability).

Among the many incisive essays in this book is an excellent discussion of the energy crunch and its alleged role in weakening the dollar. In the conventional view, OPEC price hikes are responsible for the dollar's wobbly status, because we have to import so much petroleum. But if that is so, the authors ask, why have the currencies of Germany, Switzerland, and Japan improved so much vis-à-vis our own? These countries, after all, are more dependent on petroleum imports than we are. The answer is that the fall of the dollar has been caused, not by OPEC, but by the expansionist fiscal and monetary policies of our government.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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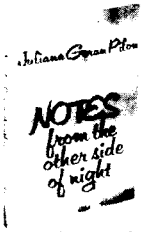

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MOLNAR

(Continued from page 1146)

The internal erosion of each Western Communist Party, combined with Moscow's, Peking's, and Hanoi's demolition of their own utopian images, has decisively weakened the impact and future prospects of Marxism. On the one hand, the parties of Georges Marchais, Enrico Berlinguer, and Santiago Carrillo have become staid and stale; they are caught, as Leonard Shapiro writes in *Conflict Studies* (London), between Moscow's demands, and public pressure in the West to condemn and dissociate themselves from Moscow. On the other hand, naked militarism has ceased to be a characteristic of the traditional imperialistic powers of the West and has shifted to the Communist camp. Who but a Communist propagandist today argues that West Germany is preparing for an "armed revanche," or that France threatens anybody with her nuclear bombs? Nor is it really credible (alas) that—as the Marxists state—the hardware Washington accumulates will ever serve expansionist purposes; instead the United States helps to undermine important friends and allies (Iran, South Korea, Taiwan). World public opinion has come to realize that the Bismarcks and Frederick the Greats of the twentieth century reside in the Kremlin.

These facts, especially this change of image, bring vast benefits to the Russian empire as such. It is now acknowledged worldwide that while America systematically abandons its allies—at the Bay of Pigs, in the Bay of Tonkin, in the Persian Gulf—any "liberationist" movement (SWAPO, the Sandinista, the rebels of Dhofar, etc.) can reliably count on an endless flow of Soviet bloc weapons and support. But, again, we are not dealing here with the emergence of Russia as the greatest world power, we are dealing with the shrinking of Marxism as a world ideology. These two currents, flowing in opposite directions, are bound to create confusion in the next years.

This confusion is manifest first among Marxist intellectuals. For example, the long interview the famous Dutch Marxist moviemaker, Joris Ivens, gave to *Le Monde* recently reads like a piece of nostalgia. "We all wore workers' caps in those days in Russia [the 1930s], and made idealistic films about the people's struggle." Today, Russian pilots bomb Eritrean liberation forces in rebellion against Ethiopian imperialists . . . and the worker's visored cap belongs to the romantic era, together with Stalin's jovial smile, Mao's swim in the Yangtse, and Che Guevara's expedition in the Bolivian jungle.

The significance of the Ivens interview and of the emphasis put on it by the leftist-intellectual *Le Monde* is that artists, professors, front-line minds are no longer comfortable within the narrow confines of the Marxist system. Nor is the academy. At a recent debate about Marxism at Heidelberg University, the Marxist position was defended by embarrassingly primitive young professors, members of the sub-culture. Even the famous Louis Althusser does little better: when the ex-Marxist Leszek Kolakowski wrote of his childish and hollow theses, this criticism was printed in a journal of the Left.

The Trivial Phase

There is evidence of this vulgarization everywhere, as terrorists and urban radicals expropriate and primitivize Marxist terminology, discrediting its intellectual content. This terminology is now the *lingua franca* of Jonestown types, of the Brigate Rosse, of Robert Mugabe, of Pol Pot. Some may argue that the same thing happened to the great world religions, and that Islam, Christianity, and Buddhism have not been adversely affected when people take up their teaching and render the message in routinized forms. But it is not the same thing with immanentist ideologies like Communism. Transcendental religions can afford to encourage the popularization of their content—Max Weber was wrong when he disparaged the "routinization of charisma," since religions will always attract elite spirits ready to drink at their source. This-worldly systems, however, must watch that they do not become trivialized, because there is no way back from a facile opportunism.

Marxism has now entered that phase. It is unlikely that in the future it will produce either such intellectual giants as its founder, or the solid and erudite scholars who for so long lent it prestige and standing. The vulgar Marxists of today have no such wider culture and vision to give them weight and authority. If they had, they would realize that they are facing an arid landscape on which ideas no longer grow. □

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Marketing Carter

On The Right

New York, Aug. 27—If you are in the mood to be gloomy about America, dwell for a moment on an apparently diminishing expertise in the selling of American Presidents. Observing Mr. Carter during recent weeks, one has the impression that at least one of the Camp David meetings was devoted to a legendary THINK! session at which the only rule is that there shall be no rules; that participants are required, on their honor, to blurt out anything, however wild, that comes to mind. Perhaps at such a session a bright young Georgian suggested that Mr. Carter travel to Selma, Alabama to lead the protest movement against the Klansmen protesting the civil rights movement. Or—FLASH!—he might have himself launched on an Apollo rocket to the moon, whence to look down on the earth and recapture his perspective. Instead, it was decided he would take a steamboat tour down the Mississippi River. The idea is to reacquaint himself with the people.

Now the clichés with which that proposition is congested—that you get to know the people, if you are the President, by mingling with them—are so thick it is unlikely that light will ever shine through. The fact of it is that the President *doesn't* get to know the people of the United States by mingling with them. He gets to know about them much more authentically by reading books, newspapers, letters-to-the-editor, and through radio and television. People don't act naturally when they are in the presence of the President of the United States, and it is not natural that they should.

A WHILE BACK the illustrious actor David Niven, who is incidentally among the sharpest and most amusing social critics in the world, found himself at an intimate dinner party, a half-dozen tables of six each. Opposite him was the Queen of England. The Duke on Niven's left asked Niven about a mutual friend in New York. "I saw Tommy the other day," Niven answered brightly. "I asked him how he was and he said, 'Well, I fall down a lot, and I cry a lot, but otherwise I'm fine.' " The Duke on the left roared, and the Admiral on the right roared, but the Queen, who heard only the laughter, asked Niven to repeat the story. Palunk! Some stories are funny *only* the first time, as throwaways. But, always the dutiful subject of his sovereign, David Niven cleared his throat and went through it all again, and the Queen's response was, "Oh, *poor* man!"

Such are the transmutations by which realities, jocular and tragic, are received by the mighty of this world. Scrooge had to become invisible before he could experience the genuine hardship of Cratchit and Tiny Tim. The prince did not travel as a prince, but as a pauper, before learning what Mark Twain wished him to learn. Elleloû in John Updike's marvelous novel *The Coup* had an array of disguises which were proof against penetration of the majestic presence, and only in his anonymous wanderings did he learn of the awful suffering of his miserable kingdom. I am a writer of modest disposition and immodest ability, by which I mean that I could tell President Carter in one half-hour more about America than he is going to learn on the ballyhooed steamer trip embedded with Secret Service, photographers, television crews, helicopters, nervous crewmen, hyped-up waiters, ogling fellow passengers, exhibitionistic rubberneckers. An exact description of what President Carter will learn on his trip is: What is it like for a President of the United States to travel on a commercial steamboat from St. Paul, Minnesota to St. Louis, Missouri? The only possible use to which he could ever put that knowledge is if, after 1980, he decides to become a movie director, and takes on a screenplay that calls for a scene in which an American President travels on a commercial steamboat from St. Paul, Minnesota to St. Louis, Missouri. Boy, the movie critics would say, that really looked authentic!

And when you think what the President has working for him! We are a nation with a noble tradition of hustling. Connecticut was called the Nutmeg State in part because during the seventeenth century it exported nutmeg, in part because when Connecticut Yankees ran out of nutmeg, they simply substituted sawdust, and everyone thought that was a big laugh, like FDR's promising he would never send American boys to fight on foreign soil. Why, oh why, can't President Carter come up with a truly original idea? For instance, he could pretend he was President of the United States. Or would that be stretching the public imagination? □

CREEPING POLYGLOTTISM *New York*, Aug. 20—Three items in today's news, which remind us of the awful elongation of the American political season. Begin with yet another depressing day in the life of President Carter, who, to stress the need for the spiritual recovery of America, took an Amtrak train to Baltimore to woo the Italian vote.

Now there is nothing wrong with wooing the Italian vote, if you will remind yourself that these Italians are Americans, whose forefathers came from Italy, but whose concerns are presumably the same as the concerns of those Americans whose forefathers came from France. So President Carter begins his speech by saying, "We are not a melting pot: we are more like a pot of minestrone." Well, that's better than telling the Mexicans about Montezuma's revenge. But not much better. One is reminded of Judge Procaccino, campaigning in Harlem and assuring his audience that "deep down we are all black." Then Mr. Carter said, "I trust the political judgment of the people of Italy." I can't see why. The political judgment of the people who gave us Carter is bad enough, why go on about the political judgment of the people who gave us Mussolini?

But Carter was not to be stopped: "We don't have any fear about the future of Italy being a democratic nation." Oh so? Fearless Jimmy. Italy has the strongest Communist Party outside the Soviet Union, has had 42 changes of government since the last war, and is only just now crawling out of nine months of anarchy preceded by the assassination by terrorists of the head of the Christian Democratic Party. No one in his right mind would condescend to the nation that gave us Dante, Michelangelo, Galileo, Fermi, and

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John XXIII. But don't go pointing to Italians as the procreators of democracy.

Meanwhile New York's Governor Carey has seen fit to advise the British that he is prepared to negotiate the differences between Ulster and the Republic of Ireland. One is reminded of the legislator a century ago whose apparently endless speech finally did end with the boast that he was a self-made man, causing a colleague to comment that this relieved the Lord of a dreadful responsibility. So Governor Carey is going to relieve Westminster of its dreadful responsibility. How? You know, and I know, and the British know. Carey's solution is simple: give Ulster to Ireland. Simple, like Balfour's solution: give Palestine to the Israelis. Then what? Oh, maybe a world war. The Irish problem is not going to be solved by Governor Carey, Tip O'Neill, Senator Kennedy, or Patrick Moynihan seeking to consolidate their political support among Irish-Americans. Any "solution" to the Irish problem involves giving up rights of people who don't want those rights given up: Catholics, Protestants, Britishers. "Do not go about as a demagogue," warned Chesterton, "encouraging triangles to break out of the prison of their three sides. If a triangle breaks out of its three sides, its life comes to a lamentable end."

AND THEN we learn that without noticing, we are becoming a bilingual nation. Actually, that isn't the correct word for it. In a bilingual nation, everyone speaks two languages. There is only one nation in the world that approaches bilingualism, oddly enough South Africa. The United States, back when we used to say with confidence that it was dedicated to certain propositions, was dedicated to the proposition that a common language was a high and pragmatically desirable ideal. That is why Mr. Carter was able to address American-Italians in English.

But Senator Robert Kennedy—anxious to curry favor with a Spanish-speaking population imported to New York City by Vito Marcantonio and Fiorello La Guardia for the purpose of increasing the constituencies of Vito Marcantonio and Fiorello La Guardia and for other high purposes—broke the rule by introducing legislation to permit literacy tests in Spanish. Only a dozen years earlier, highly qualified Jewish-German doctors were forbidden to practice medicine until they submitted to an English-language doctors' examination—that seriously did we take our commitment to Americanize, in the acceptable sense of the word. But now the pursuit of ethnic vanities has our politicians discovering that pluralism means polyglotism, and we should settle not only the problems of Rhodesia, but those of Ireland: and speak confidently about the prospects of democracy in Italy, now that we are prohibited from slipping millions of dollars through the CIA to bolster Italian democracy.

God save us. Sálvanos Dios. □

ANDY YOUNG ENVOI

New York, Aug. 24—Concerning the departure of Andrew Young, a few observations:

1. What he actually did—namely, talk with the PLO—ought not to be considered a capital offense. Indeed, it strains the imagination, in modern circumstances, to suppose that one would decline to talk to a representative of an organization merely because that organization was guilty of murdering schoolchildren. The Israelis engaged in systematic terrorism in order to midwife the state of Israel, and no one shrinks from shaking the hand of Mr. Begin merely because of his active association with the Irgun. The Algerians expanded the standard encyclopedia of torture in pressing their case against France during the revolution, and are everywhere treated with deference. It is worth noting, in passing, that what makes the difference is whether revolutions succeed, not the means by which they achieve success. If George Washington had been caught by the British he would (quite properly) have been hanged as a traitor. Instead he is the Father of his Country, and his name is invoked on the two-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence with reverence by the great-great-great-great-granddaughter of the man who would have hanged him. If Arafat succeeds in midwiving a Palestinian state somewhere in the Mideast, he will show up at all the social functions in Washington and at the UN, and he will banter as casually with the Prime Minister of Israel as the Prime Minister of Israel nowadays banters with the President of Egypt, whom he was denouncing not so long ago in accents indistinguishable from those used against Arafat.

2. Timing is, of course, the great qualifier. Timing, and latent strength. I asked General Seignious, our chief representative on the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and therefore principal advocate of SALT II, whether, mutatis mutandis, he'd have urged a SALT II accord with Adolf Hitler, and his diplomatic but entirely evasive reply was that Adolf Hitler didn't have atom bombs, which is a circumlocution for saying: Yes, we would have dealt with Hitler. Because SALT II is not, said General Seignious, based on any trust of the Russians, no more would SALT II have been based on any faith in Hitler. So that the diplomatic question is properly described as: Under what circumstances does it become useful to negotiate with the PLO? And: Is it possible to arrange these circumstances so as to get you some concessions going in? Henry Kissinger, in his forthcoming book, recounts with astonishing detail the humiliations he endured at the hands of the North Vietnamese negotiators at all those supersecret meetings in Paris, concerning which he would have been expected to lie if *Newsweek* or whoever had got wind of them. Those negotiations were taking place at a time when the North Vietnamese were gleefully killing five hundred Americans per week. Nixon's objective was to put an end to the war. Andrew Young's objective—there can be no reason not to take his word for it—was to flush out an impasse.

3. Chance diplomatic encounters sometimes have interesting extemporaneous consequences. It wasn't long after the Bay of Pigs that Richard Goodwin, acting as special representative for President John F. Kennedy at an OAS meeting, found himself at a diplomatic reception in South America where, lo and behold, Che Guevara was also present, and before long the two fell into conversation, and the diplomatic headlines throughout the world exploded with the piquancy of it all. Goodwin, on his return to Washington, said ingenuously that he saw nothing wrong in trying to find out what was the thinking of Castro's right-hand man, and reporting the conversation to the President: end problem.

4. Ah, but Andrew Young had two things working against him. The first is that he has convinced the majority of the American people that beyond any question he has the worst sense of the occasion in the history of diplomacy. At the funeral of Robert Kennedy, he'd have spoken of the tribulations of Sirhan Sirhan. On the day the white missionaries were slaughtered in Rhodesia, he suggested they might have been set up by Ian Smith. So that any overture by him to the PLO runs into an almost unbroken record of ineptitude. But then—the killer. What I have dubbed the Profumo Factor: lying to your superiors; the unforgivable sin, which caused Prime Minister Macmillan to turn his back on Profumo, and which lost Spiro Agnew and Richard Nixon their constituencies. The residual awkwardness is that there is an obstinate guilelessness in Andy Young, or so it appears to this observer. Although he is an objective menace to orderly thought and diplomacy, my feeling is that the Lord he seeks to serve probably smiles on His bumbling servant. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Black hogs with white markings — 44 84 89 110 212 39 138 171 130 187 / 194

B. A Democratic group in New York State, 1820-1854 — 64 59 165 76 91 140 146 205 12 30 / 97 160 169

C. An Irish greeting which sounds more poetic than "Have a nice day!" — 72 94 17 45 50 126 62 107 147 145 / 183 179 188 191 213

D. Rendered unnecessary — 81 40 8 184 14 177 121 164

E. One of a breed of domestic rabbits — 105 20 63 80 88 119 157 210 3 6 / 217

F. A city in Vermont — 114 137 209 215 167 152 16

G. What Cornelius was centurion of; *Acts* 10:1 — 125 48 128 136 149 206 21 204 51 168 / 112

H. *Cor anglais;* a large oboe — 148 111 58 67 90 129 2 29 49 77 / 173

I. A whim — 15 26 28 42 33 38

J. A drum used to transmit double talk? — 153 101 52 170 161 10

K. A country in Europe — 155 162 195 174 18 32 11

L. A struggle — 166 85 95 151 19 154

M. A pleonastic ref. to a certain type of female; correct in some other languages — 193 31 66 100 34 127 104 27 133 207

N. The peculiar character or genius of languages — 211 141 60 203 181 216

O. The French call this country *Pays-Bas* — 54 56 43 73 9 25 36 47 65 78 / 23

P. Cowardly — 5 87 61 196 142 106 189

Q. Tricky — 37 124 192 86 176 163

R. Ridiculed — 93 132 96 197 202 123 70

S. A character in *II Henry IV* — 102 190 117 113 69 79 201

T. Birobizhan's official language; it can be read by many in New York City — 143 156 98 109 159 134 118

U. DRAW A BOY — 175 99 198 135 150 116 186 83

V. What "Ahem!" is — 178 4 22 74 35 46 53 68 82 92 / 108 120 131 182 200

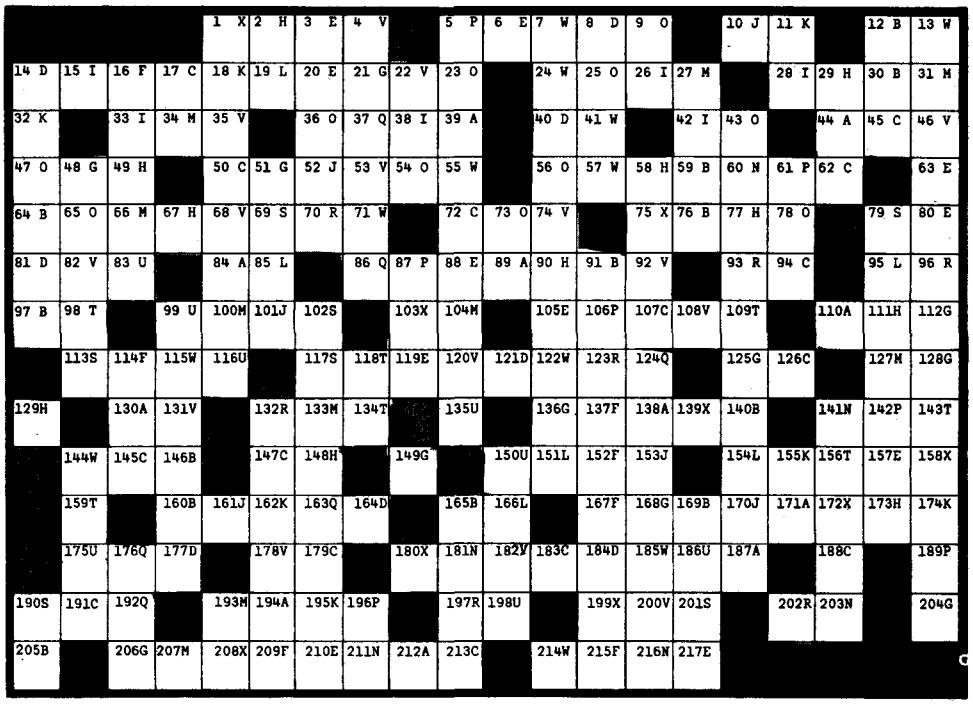
W. What heavy drinkers of a certain brew suffer from — 185 7 144 24 41 55 57 115 13 122 / 214 71

X. Place made famous by two men whose father said God did not intend that men should fly — 139 172 103 199 208 75 180 1 158

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1172 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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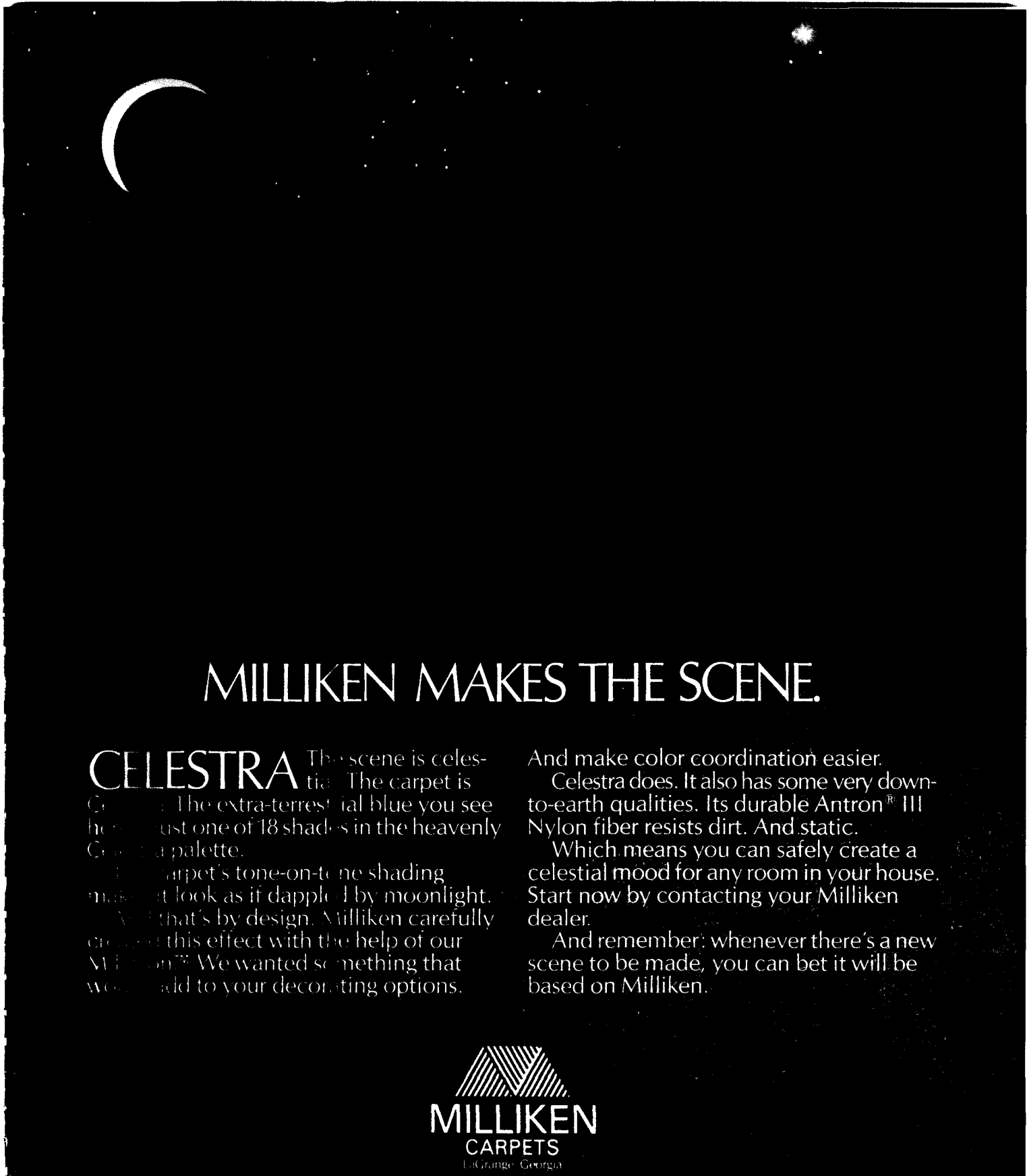

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